MAYFAIR

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 27 NUMBER 9

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CATHERINE ZETA JONES TOPLESS

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THE PERFICK PAIR

Catherine Zeta Jones bares her darling buds

[redacted]

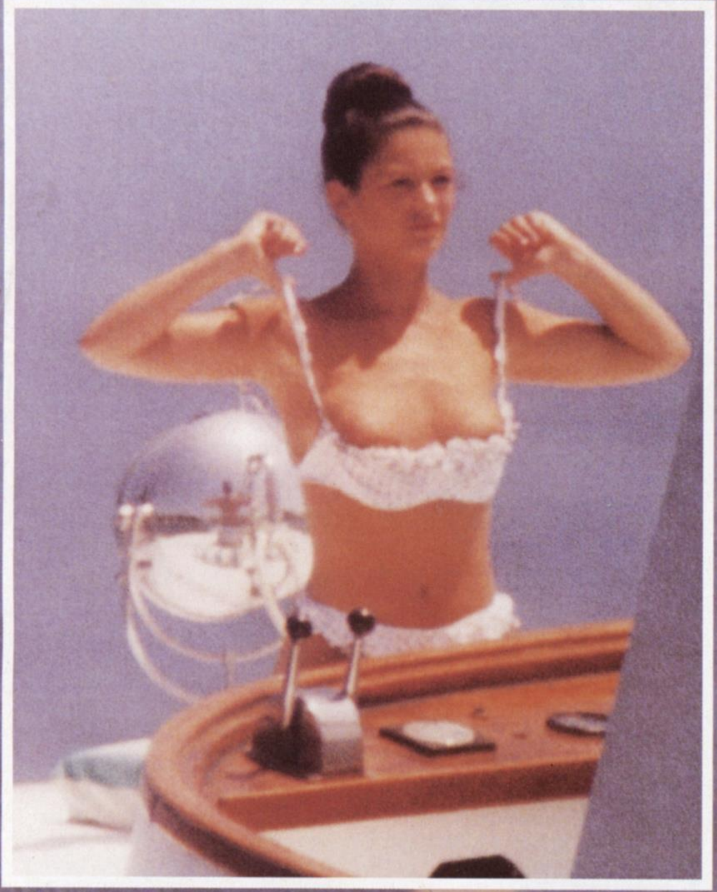
At last – Britain's favourite sex symbol is topless in Britain's favourite magazine! Catherine Zeta Jones, the girl we all loved as Mariette Larkin in *The Darling Buds of May*, showed that she's just as gorgeous as we imagined when she slipped off her bikini top during a lull in filming for the movie *Heirs and Graces* on the French riviera.

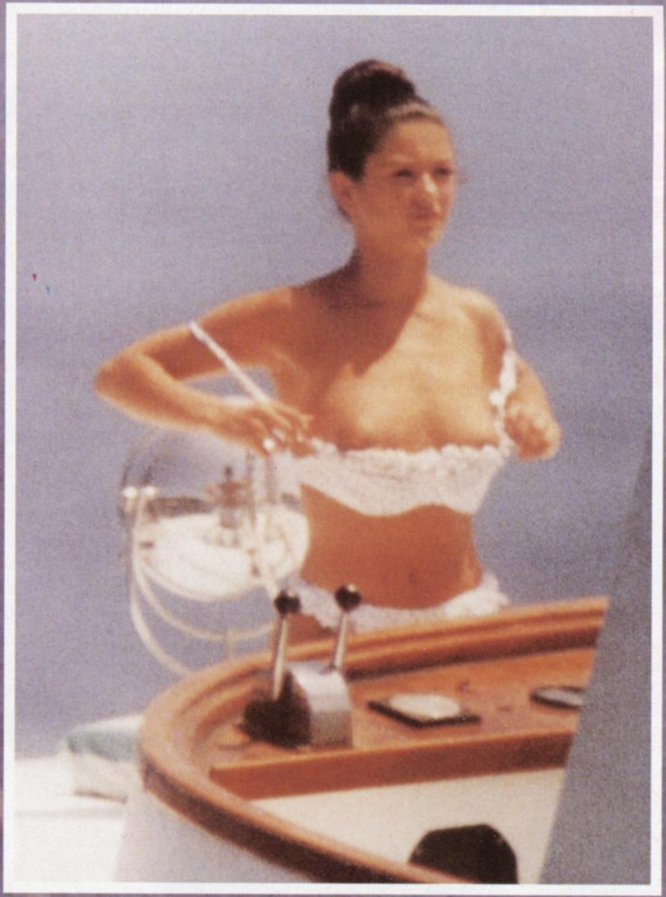
The gorgeous 22-year-old, who measures 34-25-36, basked topless on a yacht off the coast of Nice as the temperature soared to 100 degrees.

Catherine will appear in a third series of

Darling Buds, but she's being careful not to get typecast. To prove it, she's playing Columbus's lover in the upcoming blockbuster *Christopher Columbus – The Discovery*.

"I was brought up to be very uninhibited about my body," said Catherine in a recent magazine interview. "I don't see anything wrong with a pair of boobs." Well, Catherine, we can't see anything wrong with them either: in fact, they're perfick! Ⓜ





clare

Quiet please! Clare has a very difficult decision to make and she needs all her concentration powers to tackle it. But what could be so mind-bendingly perplexing that it requires us to stifle our cries of admiration on seeing the glories of Clare's superb curves which we haven't seen since Vol 26 No 13? Let's find out...

"Ask me where I want to go on holiday and I'll tell you Greece. Ask me whether I prefer the doggy position to missionary and I'll plump for doggy every time — it gets in so much deeper! But ask me what I'm going to cook for tea tonight and I'm stuck," reveals our 20-year-old Southampton sex-kitten who's invited her latest flame round to her place this evening. "This happens every time I try to impress a guy in the kitchen. I go

completely to pieces. Maybe I should just forget the soup and go straight into the main course. What do you think?"

What do we think?! Forget the soup, and the main course, cut straight to the doggy position. That's sure to impress him! Ⓜ

vicky

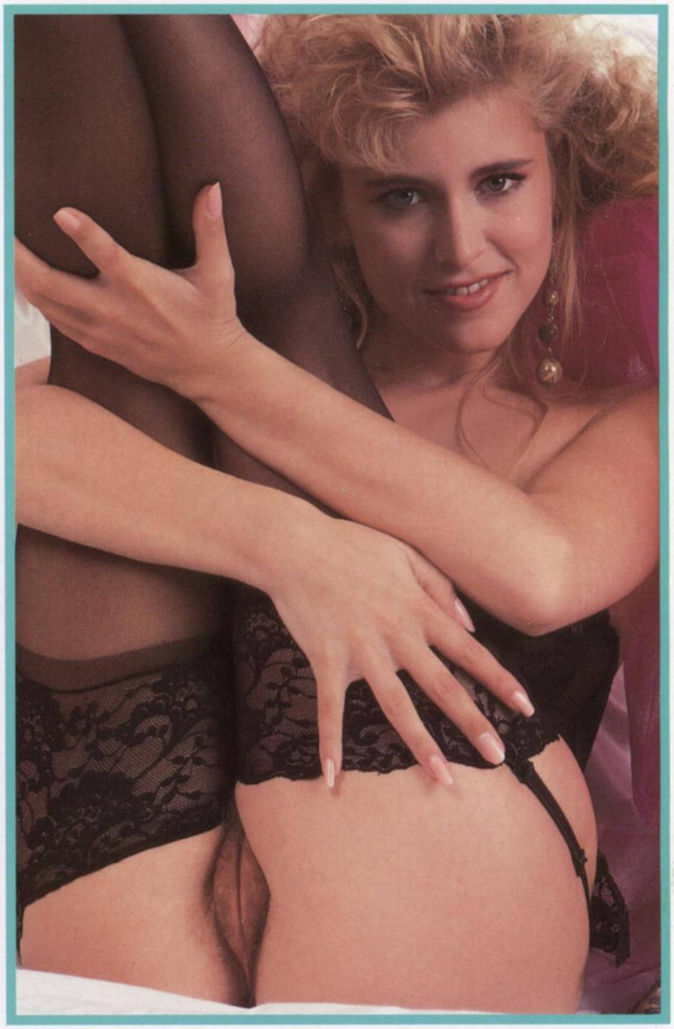
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL DIAMOND

Our readers never have a problem remembering a pretty face so you'll know straight away that sticky Vicky last spread herself sensuously on our pages in Vol 26 No 5. So come on, Vicky, what have you been up to? "I've really got into art," reveals the stunning blonde with the Hollywood good-looks. "I've been going to a lot of life classes. Three times a week actually."

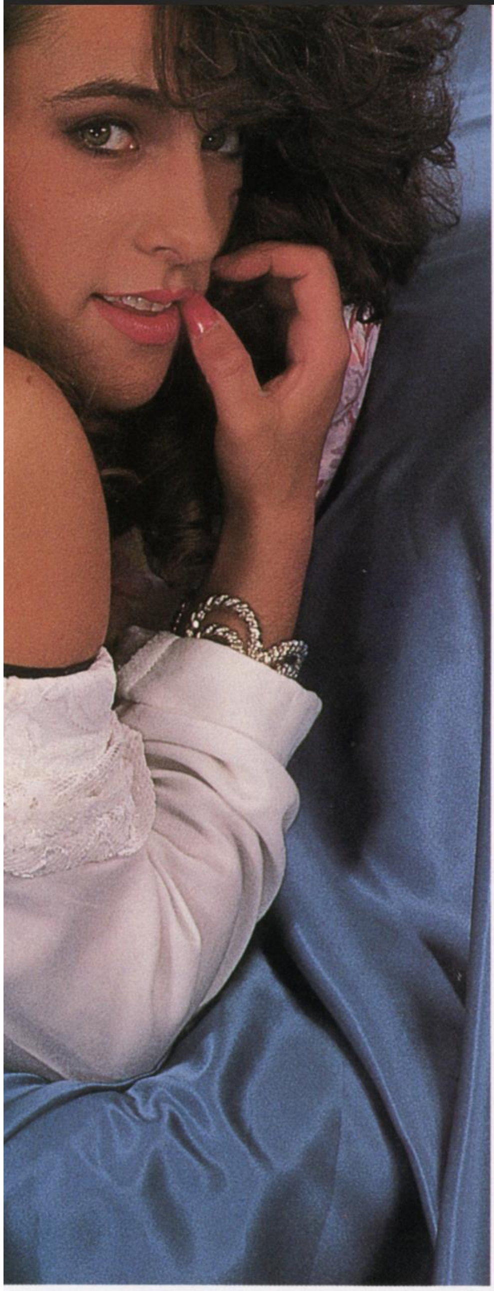
Why, you must be very keen!

"Oh yes, it's lovely and relaxing," said Vicky, popping her boobs back into her black basque.

So when do we get to see your latest masterpiece, we asked, thinking we'd just found *Mayfair*'s very own Magritte. "You're looking at it, silly!" she giggled. "I'm not the artist, I'm the model!" Ⓜ



Caroline



"My school days were the happiest days of my life. I met boys, flirted, went to parties, smoked behind the bike sheds — everything a girl isn't supposed to do. I just didn't know what to do with myself when I had to leave. Once there was no one making me do things I couldn't be naughty anymore," says lovely Caroline Henshaw from Cheltenham.

But now, after a stint behind a bar and spot of hairdressing, Caroline has finally decided to put the naughtiness back into her life by becoming a part-time model at the age of 19.

Only part-time? "Yes. The rest of the time I'll be going back to college to make up for all the work I didn't do when I was at school!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TERRY MUNNS

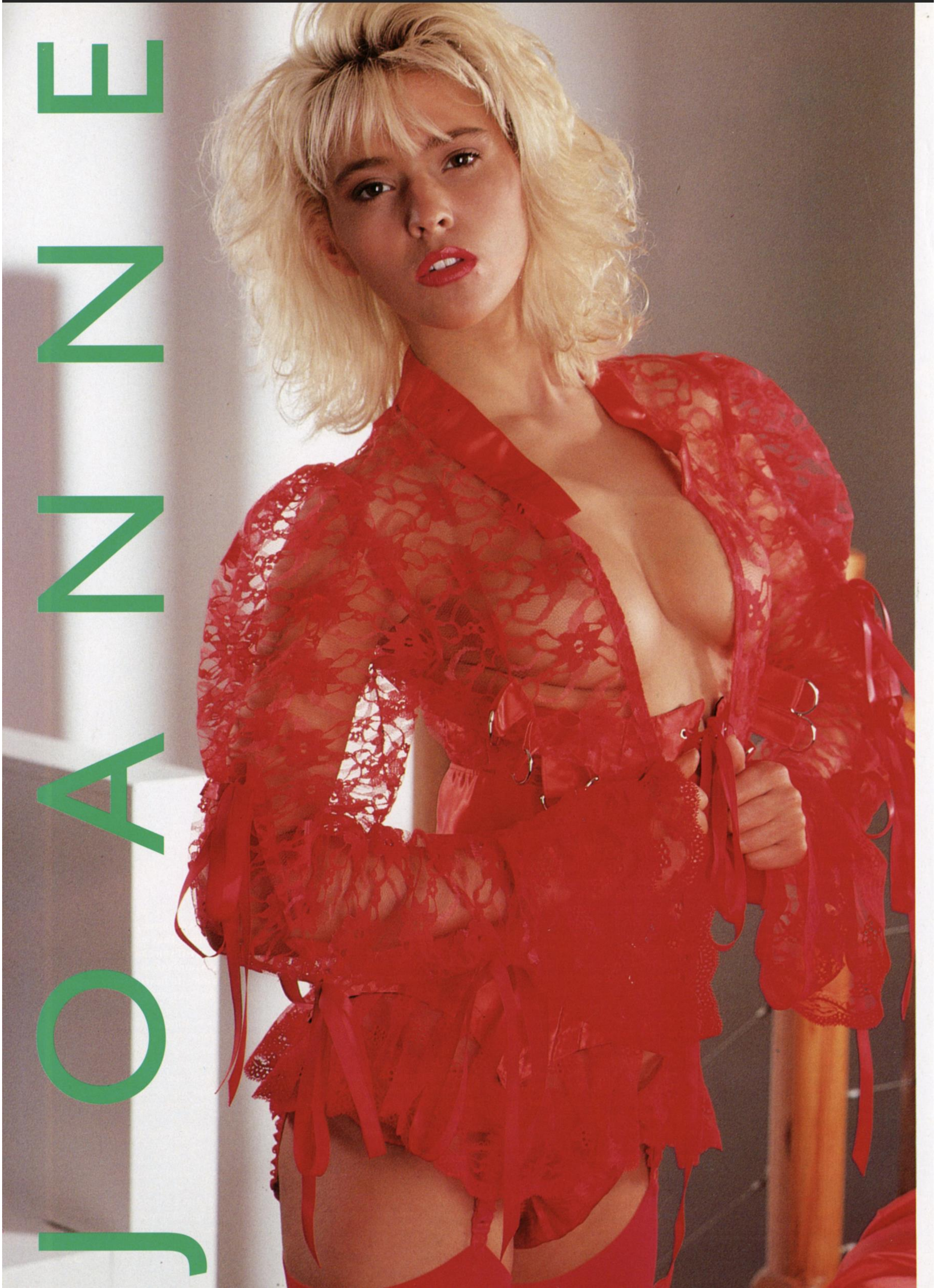
nubile 19-year-old who's something of a regular in *Mayfair* these days. "I thought, 'Oh well, Melanie, you haven't done this before!' Rachel stripped me off down to my panties and kissed me all over — and I mean ALL OVER! Then I did the same for her. And you know what? It worked. Rachel hasn't been stood up at all since then!"

Well, she's certainly got a point but as yet we can't figure out what it is!

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
melanie

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
melanie

JOANNE



Slipping out of her jacket is publishing secretary Joanne, a 19-year-old who has far better things to do in bed than read! "If I ever need a book to keep me company, I know it's time to change my perfume," jokes Joanne.

The wanton blonde from Warwickshire does enjoy the occasional bedside book but strictly a steamy novel

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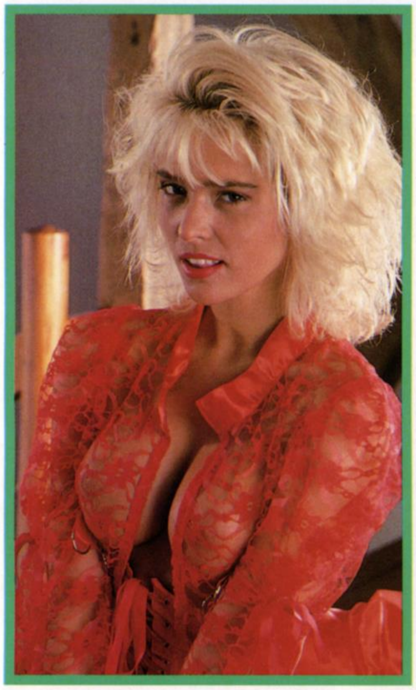
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE



to warm her up for the night's activities. "Something along the lines of Ambition by Julie Birchill." A manual of advanced sexual positions is also not far away. "I'm only halfway through," she said, "but I've already picked a couple of things. Their names are Jeff and Rodney, and I met them at the launch!"

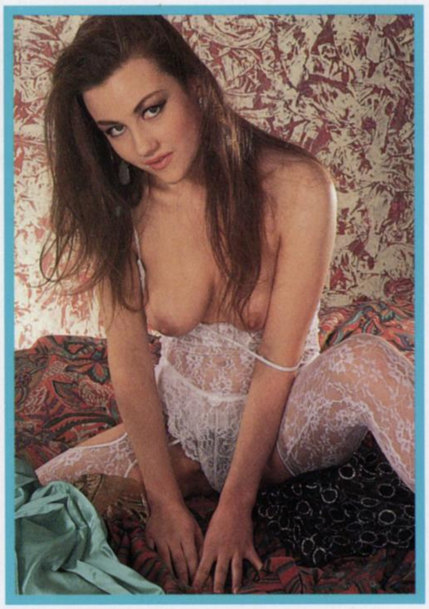
MAYFAIR
BRA
BURSTERS

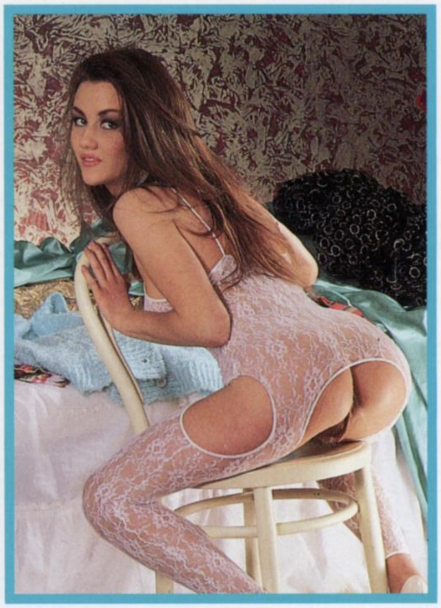
katriona

Katriona from Newcastle-upon-Tyne finds it strange that her biggest admirers are older men; men in their thirties and forties who take great interest in her fabulous form. She thinks it's puzzling that men more than twice her age should want to know someone straight out of sixth form college who still lives at home with her mum, dad and two cats. Bra-busting Katriona, an assistant in a high-street travel agents, also finds it most perplexing that someone so inexperienced in the ways of sex should appeal to men who show all the signs of knowing exactly what's what and where to put it.

We don't.

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DONALD MILNE**





Camilla

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOANIE ALLUM

Curvy Camilla may appear to be the cool, respectable type, but underneath that lacy body stocking lurks a pouting sex-kitten ready to leap into bed at the slightest provocation — but only if you know what you're doing!

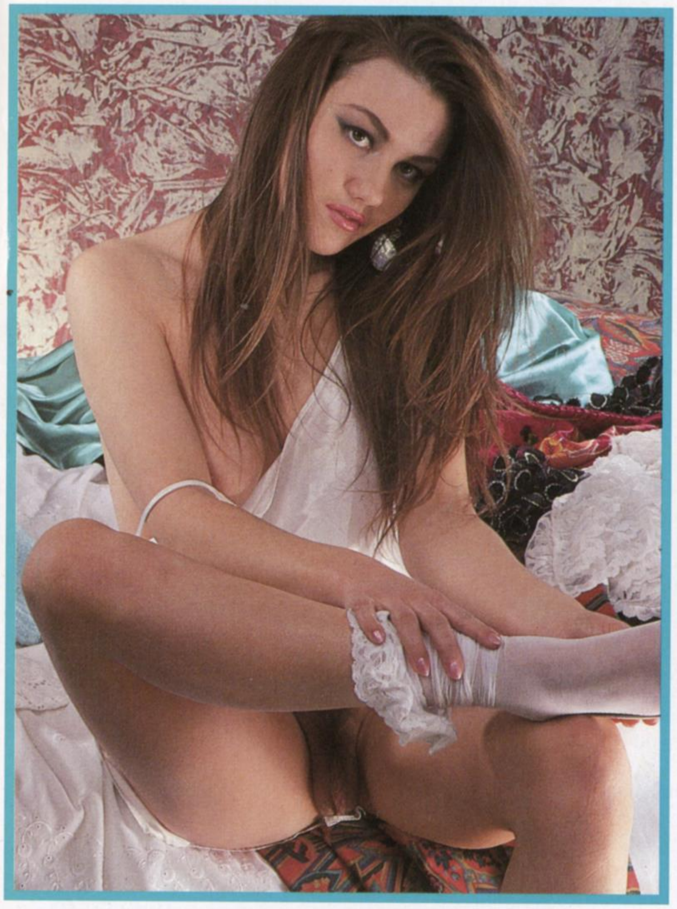
"I've never wanted for anything — except experienced men," purrs 19-year-old Camilla in her upper crust accent. "When I was growing up I was always taught that men should be the ones to take the initiative between the sheets. But most of the men I've been with don't know one end of a girl from the other — and someone has got to start the balls rolling, if you'll excuse the expression!

"Not that I mind showing a man what to do in bed. There's something wonderfully wicked about talking dirty and

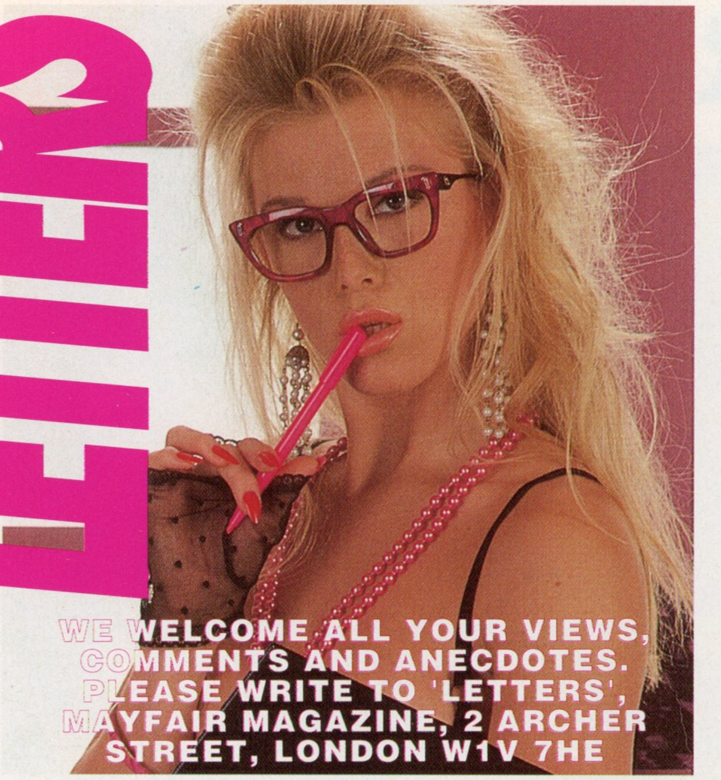
telling a guy exactly where to touch me and how hard to rub it.

"Of course some don't take kindly to being told what to do and think they know better — but how could they? Afterall, I've been playing with my pussy for a lot longer than they have!"

Point taken, Camilla.



LETTERS



WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

RUSSELL UP CARLA AGAIN

Can somebody please tell me who lives next door to the Girls Next Door in your regular feature? I would love to be the neighbour of Carla (Vol 27 No 7) but you didn't even say which town I'd have to move to to have that pleasure. Is this because you are afraid you might inundate the local estate agents with enquiries? Surely that's just what we need to spark a housing boom! With a Girl Next Door from a different part of the country every month, we could soon have the economy back on its feet.

I was particularly keen on Carla, not just because she has beautiful big boobs, but because facially and bodily she reminds me of Jane Russell, star of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Jane was my first real crush when I saw her in a Bob Hope film on TV when I was about 14. She played Calamity Jane, her full figure dressed in buckskin (at one point soaked to the skin) and helped me discover the joys of self-abuse!

Three years later I managed to find a girl with the face of Jane Russell but not the figure. Her name was Debbie, and I lost my virginity to her. Since hers were the first pair of breasts that I've sucked I wasn't exactly worried that they didn't match up to Jane's ample charms.

Later still, I went out with a big busted girl (a rather plump 42D) whose tits were amazing, though she was not as pretty as Debbie. That was the first time that I have seen boobs bucking like a bronco during sex. I thought they would come off and land on the floor!

Since then I have got married to a beautiful blonde with medium 34C boobs. They are lovely, perfectly shaped and firm as ripe oranges. I fell for her personality as well as her looks, and we're very happy. She knows how I feel about Jane Russell (she's equally mad about Gregory Peck!) but I think she was a little jealous when I showed her Carla in *Mayfair* and went on about her for ages! She suggested I write to get it out of my system.

Please, please, please let's see more of Carla. How about her dressed in a low-cut skin-tight scarlet sequinned gown like Jane wore in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* or better still in the wet buckskin! You'd make a middle-aged man very happy. — Jim, Barking

GETTING HER WET

Can I say how much I enjoyed your feature on wet clothing in Vol 27 No 7. I would agree with almost every word. The only statement that I would have to take issue with is Jill's that "cold showers are strictly for naughty schoolboys". Naughty perhaps, but what happened in a cool shower with me and my girlfriend, Gail, was not for youngsters.

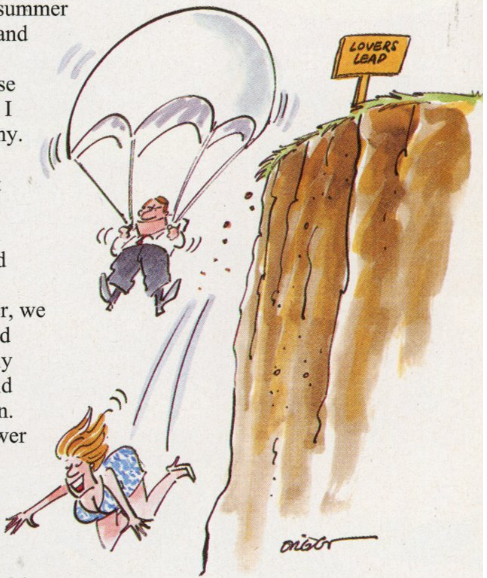
Living in London, this summer has been hot and humid, and after travelling on the Northern Line to our house in Tooting, both Gail and I have been horribly clammy. So we took to sharing a cool shower when we got in from work. The chilly water set both our bodies tingling, and then coupled with our hands roaming around soaping each other, we felt totally invigorated and incredibly horny. The only trouble was that sex would make us hot all over again.

Then we hit on the answer — make love in the shower! With the cool water splashing over us, running in rivers down the curves of our bodies, it would be like fucking in the sort of constant cool breeze you dream about when you're crammed up against 2,000 armpits on the tube. It was wonderful! The cold water, far from shrinking my cock, tickled it into a massive erection. It did the same for Gail's nipples, teasing them until they were as plump and full as berries. Okay, when we started actually screwing, water went everywhere and we had to spend hours mopping up afterwards, but we reached a fabulous climax, without getting sweaty again.

The final stage came only a few weeks ago. It was a very sultry Friday night, and Gail and I met on the way home. Her brown hair was limp, and she looked tired. My suit felt like it weighed a ton. We agreed, we'd have a shower as soon as we got home.

The moment we got in, I started running the shower. Then Gail amazed me! Instead of stripping off, she climbed straight in! In an instant her thin white blouse turned transparent showing off her white bra beneath. The black skirt shone like polished ebony, clinging to her thighs. And her tights... well, they made her legs look like they had just been varnished! Unlike Jill she'd kicked off her shoes (we have a plastic bath, and she didn't want her heels to scratch it). Even so, she looked fabulous.

"What are you doing?" I blab-



At last my darling, we'll be together for eternity..

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LETTERS

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bered. "Well, I was going to wash them anyway!" she said with a naughty giggle. Immediately, I stripped off and joined her (my suit had to be dry cleaned unfortunately!). Gail seemed to be enjoying the feel of the cool material clinging all over her body as evidenced by her nipples pushing through her bra and blouse. I started to undo it, peeling it away from her skin inch-by-inch. Gail said this was even better than an ordinary striptease and the wet fabric meant she felt every millimetre of material coming away. Then I slid down her sodden skirt.

The sight that greeted me was not unlike your picture of Stephanie Bews in the *Wetting Game* feature. Her white undies were see-through and her brown nipples and dark pubes showing through. That coupled with the water playing over my body had me stiff again. Gail seemed reluctant to take them off. Instead, she knelt down with the water cascading down her dark hair turning it as glossy as treacle, and started kissing my cock.

Soon her cool lips were around my knob, her tongue flicking over it. She slid it in further. Her hot mouth felt incredible after the cold water and my cock was tingling like never before. Somehow it seemed so much more sensitive, and Gail said she felt it was more responsive, jerking with every little touch of her tongue. Her breasts in their transparent bra looked so inviting I wanted to reach down and feel them through the sodden material, but instead the thought was just adding to the sublime agony of Gail's oral sex technique.

Sure enough, I soon came, flooding her mouth with warm liquid for a change. Then she dragged me down into the bath and we made love with the shower spraying over us. I couldn't get Gail to take off her wet knicks, she seems to like the feel of the material plastered against her, so I slid my cock in on one side of the gusset. It was good. Very good!

Yes, I can quite understand the allure of wet clothing for men and the women wearing it. I've never been a "hydrophile" as you say it's called, but I'm getting warmer! — Jack, Tooting

MONEY MAD

I enjoy most of the features in *Mayfair* (especially the girls, of course) but one of my favourites is the Money page. As a clerk for a team of accountants, I think it's funny and sometimes even informative — certainly not what I'd expect from a magazine such as yours.

However my bosses want to know if the Tight Arse Award is ever presented and if so is it by the

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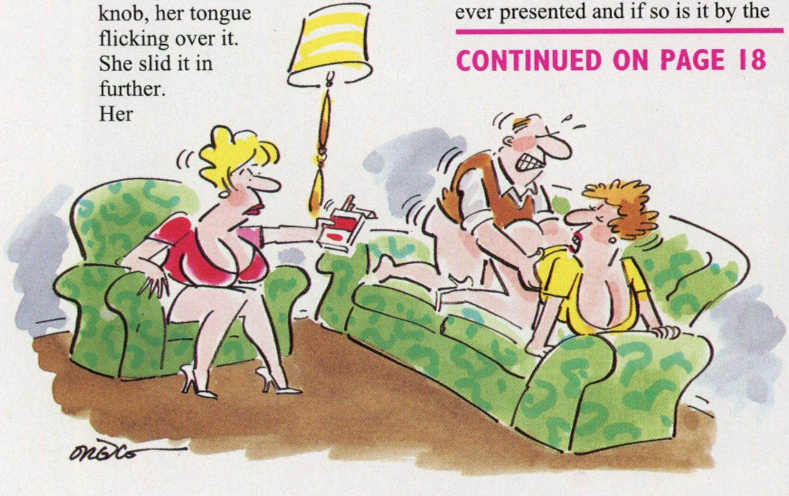


You'll have to excuse Malcolm — he always has to have sex before having a fag!

MONEY M

Thyme is money for City Editor and herbal remedyist ***Alexander More...***

INITIAL SUCCESS

Banks and building societies have recently announced that schemes like TESSAs and PEPs have been a great success. They put this down to the greater financial awareness of the public, good interest rates and tax savings. But we think that's bollocks! The real reasons these accounts have taken off is because they have silly names. Nothing gives the public greater pleasure than annoying the humourless bitch at the building society by asking if they can "get your hands on one of their TESSA's".

With this in mind, *Mayfair* has come up with our own range of accounts that the public will love and the bankers will hate, plus how to ask about them.

1) TITS — The Tax Incentive Trading Scheme: simply wander up to the well-built woman on the cash desk and say, "Can I take out one of your TITS?"

2) ARSE — The Annual Return Special Endowment. "Excuse me, Miss, can you show me your ARSE?"

3) PUSSI — The Personal User Special Savings Investment: "Hello, Miss Smyth, can I put something in your PUSSI, please?"

4) SHIT — Special Help Insurance Terms: "A friend told me I could have a SHIT over your counter."

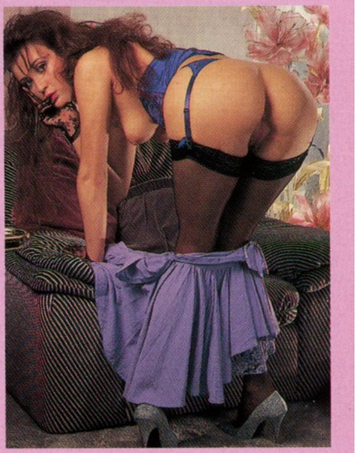
5) VAGINA — The Variable Asset Greater Interest Nationwide Account: "I'm looking for extra growth and my accountant suggested I look up your VAGINA!"

Free copies of *Mayfair* for anyone who dares try it in a bank near us!

SHARE NEWS

More ups and down in the Market. C of E plc has announced another drop in prophets, however the Catholic Birth Control Co who were due to show us the ins and outs of their business today pulled out at the last minute. Nude Bathers Ltd took a sudden dip whilst the Huge Boobs Co of Bristol managed to stay two points ahead. British Willies were standing firm too but are expected to slump after a merger with United Fannies brought about by some inside 'er dealing. We'll tell you if anything leaks out.

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH



This month our Golden Globes award — the beautiful bronzed buttocks of Rebecca's rump dipped in bullion — goes to Nat West. Their scale of charges for people who unexpectedly slide into the red are so astronomical that one couple wound up paying over £447 for slipping over their overdraft limit for one month by just £150.

Charges included a mere £27.50 to stop a standing order of £4.50 (and four others at £27.50 each) and £20 per cashpoint withdrawal, even though at no point did the hole-in-the-wall machine tell them about the hole in their bank balance. The couple concerned have written complaining about the bank's behaviour but the Action Bank are doing nothing. So the couple are paying off this bill on their own. Our contribution in the form of Becky's bum is on its way too.

The Fat Vest are lucky to have grabbed our Gold Bottom this month, our old friends Girobank were in with a strong chance too. They charged one old age pensioner we've heard from £1.55 in interest charges on his Visa card for being 5p in the red — an interest rate of 3,000 per cent! To make matters worse, he had actually paid the 5p, but the Post Office counter clerk whom he paid in cash had written the figure down wrongly. When the incensed OAP sent a photocopy of his receipt (price 10p, twice the cost of his alleged overdraft) showing he had paid, Birowank were forced to admit defeat and re-credited him.

As regular readers know, Giro are previous winners for their virtually inescapable £24 charge should you be late in paying off your Girobank Visa card. If you thought that paying in cash at the Post Office on the day the amount was due would save the 24 quid you'd be wrong. The bank insists you allow seven days for the cash to... errrr... clear! And what happens in those seven days? Your money is in somebody else's bloody account earning vast amounts of interest, I'll be bound!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

model whose bum has been used to form the gold statuette. If that's the case, my fellow employees would love to get their hands on one. As accountants they charge a great deal (sometimes £700 a month) for doing very little and even get their clients to pay for meals when they go out! Real tight arses!

Come on, Julie-Anne, bring us our award! — B H, Sheffield

P.S. What does Lavinia Garden your Etiquette correspondent look like? Let's see a picture of her soon please. I love snooty girls!

GOING UP!

My wife's always been a right little raver, and she's the one who calls the shots in our sex life. Sometimes when we're out dining with friends, or at a party, she'll whisper to me that she's feeling horny, and describe how she wants me to fuck her later. That keeps me in such a fever of anticipation that I can hardly wait to get her home!

She loves to take risks too, especially fucking in our garden at night. We put a big parasol up over us, but I often wonder if any of our neighbours have heard her ecstatic moans and looked out of the window to see me kneeling on the grass licking her juicy cunt!

Recently though, she came up with her naughtiest idea ever — and I loved every second of it! We were out shopping in a big department store, and as we browsed through the lingerie session Jodie told me, "My pussy's getting very

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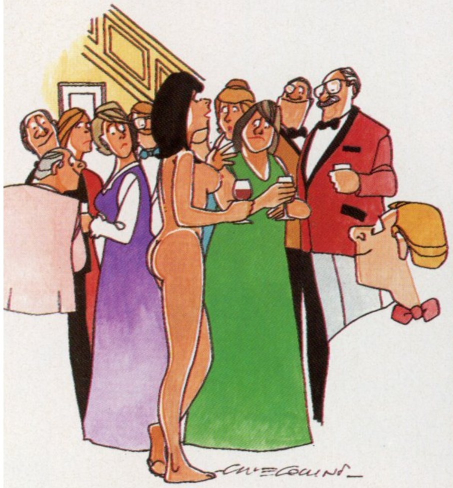


I have this recurring dream, where I'm at a fancy dress party, with total strangers and I'm stark naked...

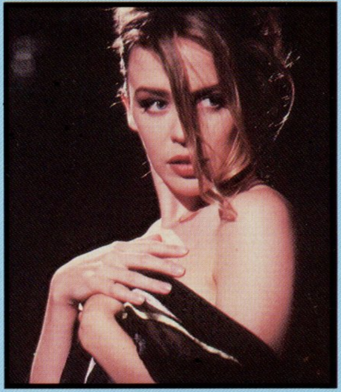
in briefs

'I'm sexual. I've never said that I'm sexy or raunchy or anything.' — Kylie Minogue

'She had a body that could melt a cheese sandwich across the room.' — Leslie Neilson on Priscilla Presley

'What do I look for in a girl? First her face, then her back yard.' — Emilio Estevez

'I'm not entirely thrilled with my body and I'd hate to see it spread across the pages of a men's magazine.' — Patsy Kensit (A million *Mayfair* readers disagree)



A town in Wales has introduced a ruling to stop its inhabitants having sex. The powers that be in Llandwrtyd Wells are worried that if people start having babies they will lose the title of Smallest Town in Britain — current population 618 — and tourists will stop going there. People are advised that they are not allowed to have any more than 2.5 children — the national average, and anyone who has more than that — without prior consent — risks being chastised. — *The Daily Star*

If strawberries remind you of the refinement of Wimbledon and lazy summer days consider the poor strawberry farmer in South America. The economy is so bad and competition is so fierce that a recent disagreement between strawberry farmers in Mexico left 21 people dead and 25 others in hospital. — *The Telegraph*

Our Survey Says...

The figures that reveal the intimate facts of your life sampled from this month's magazines...

Our sample

We've taken all the sex surveys from this month's women's magazines and Sunday papers, put them through the *Mayfair* computer and come up with some very vital statistics.

Top five types of undies women like to see on men

1) M&S cotton briefs
2) Paul Smith silk boxer shorts
3) None
4) Ann Summers edible undies
5) Calvin Klein undershorts

Bottom five types of undies women don't like to see on men

1) Leather G-string
2) M&S tanga briefs
3) Jockey Y-fronts
4) M&S boxer shorts
5) Ann Summers thong

Top five types of undies men like to see on women

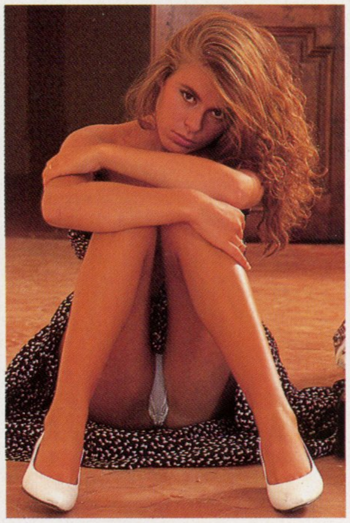
1) M&S white cotton panties
2) Black silk panties
3) Silk french knickers
4) Ann Summers red crotchless panties (silk or cotton)
5) Silk boxer shorts

Bottom five types of undies men don't like to see on women

1) Terry-towelling knickers
2) Pollard's 'bellywarmers'
3) Nylon tights
4) Days of the week nylon knickers
5) M&S Y-fronts

Top ten places girls want to do it

1) Anywhere
2) On the shag-pile on the bedroom floor
3) Over the kitchen sink
4) In their parent's bed
5) In their own bed
6) Frontseat of the car while driving very fast
7) In a field
8) On a beach
9) In the bath
10) Over a pool table in the local



Top ten places men want to do it

1) In bed
2) Up a back alley on the way home from the pub
3) Backseat of the car
4) At the office
5) On a beach
6) In women's clothing
7) In a field
8) In a swimming pool
9) In the bath
10) Anywhere

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

hot and wet looking at these naughty knickers. I need a fuck... now!"

I thought she'd want to leave at once, but first she bought a pair of skimpy pink panties, and then she dragged me over to the lift which led to the carpark. We were the only ones in the lift, and she told me to keep my finger on the button which closed the door, while she did something.

I was astounded to see her pull up her skirt and wriggle out of her knickers, right there in the lift, and then put on the pink pair.

"I just wanted to try them on," she giggled.

"Couldn't you have done that in the shop?" I asked.

"Yes... but I couldn't have done this," she said naughtily, dropping to her knees and unzipping my flies. I was worried we'd get caught, but that didn't stop me getting hard, and Jodie soon had her lips wrapped around my dick. She's an expert cocksucker, and she knows just how to flick her tongue around my shaft to get my spunk surging up into her mouth. But I could tell from the way her hand was in her knickers, frigging her clit, that she wanted my meat in her pussy.

I pulled her to her feet and got her to lean up against the wall with her back to me. Then I inched my cock inside her. It was a bit awkward, as I still had my finger on the button keeping the door closed, but she felt really tight and hot in that position, and I could tell from the way she was squirming on my cock that she was as randy as me.

I thrust into her slowly and deeply, pulling right out on each stroke and feeling her quiver with excitement. She was rubbing her clit and stroking my balls with one hand, the other keeping her balance against the wall.

Jodie always comes pretty quickly anyway, she's such a horny bitch, but the danger of discovery had got her so hot that she was soon moaning and shaking with her first climax, and that was quickly followed by another one. She was so wet her pussy juice was trickling out over my balls, and as she gasped, "Spunk inside me! Fill my cunt!" I came my load in her pussy.

Not before time either, as just then someone started banging on the lift door. Jodie grinned at me as she pulled the new pink knickers up over her soaking pussy, then helped me do up my flies before I finally let the lift door open.

I'm sure the group of people waiting outside must have been suspicious, as I was all flushed and guilty, while Jodie was smiling like the cat that got the cream! As for the new panties, by the time we got

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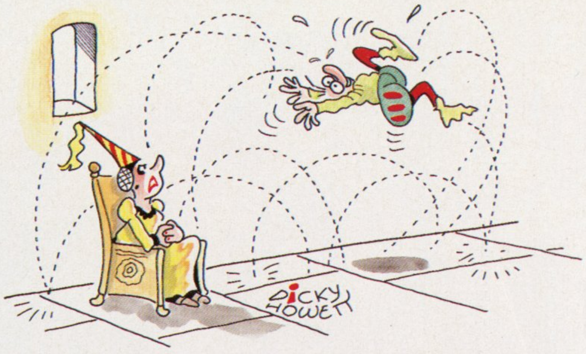
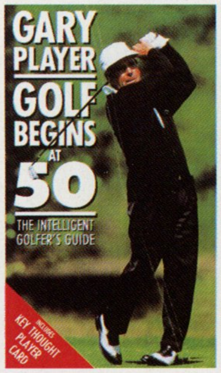


Can't you *ever* forget you used to be a frog?!

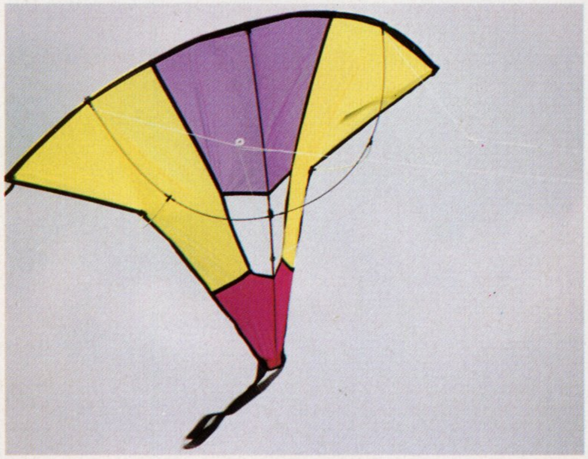
STUFF

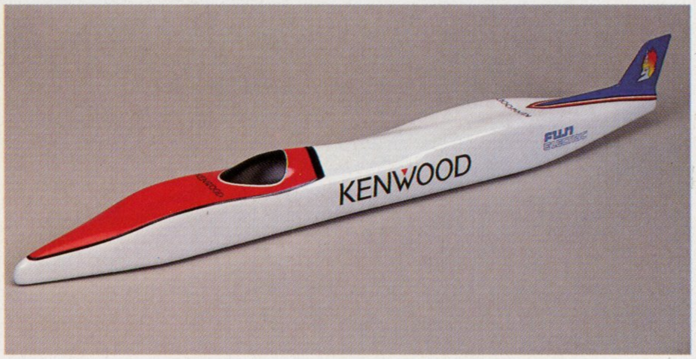
You'll never get through September without...


GARY PLAYER
GOLF BEGINS AT 50
THE INTELLIGENT GOLFER'S GUIDE
INCLUDES KEY THOUGHT PLAYER CARD

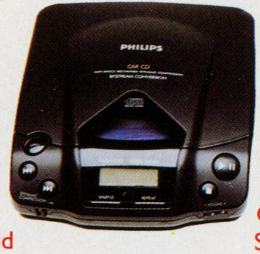
Improving your game with with Gary Player's *Golf Begins At 50* (right). Billed as *The Intelligent Golfer's Guide*, this 60 minute video from Pickwick offers advice to the older golfer, including: The Swing (and how to avoid back strain), Fitness (keeping your golfing muscles in good order), and The Bribe (how to drive home from the golf club completely rat-arsed and get away with it).

Getting high with a *Ferrari Sky Blade*, (below) which sounds like a new brand of ecstasy but is in fact a revolutionary new stunt kite costing £58. The 0.63 sq. m Blade boasts "coloured Ripstop nylons" and amazing "advanced swinging technology", but then so does my girlfriend. The *Ferrari Sky Blade* is available in two sizes from MLA, 242-244 St John Street, London EC1 4PH.



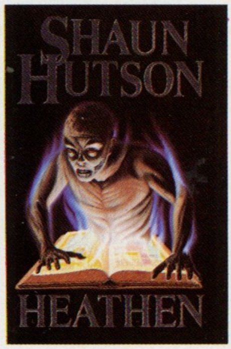


Taking a 250 mph trip in the world's fastest toothbrush — the *Kenwood Clean Liner* (above, batteries not included). Ten metres long and powered by the same type of electric motor as the Japanese Bullet Train, the sleek one-man vehicle is favourite to take the world land speed record for an electric car. Apparently the non-polluting, energy-saving aspects of electric power are very worthy of Kenwood's support. But what about the non-pulling, cherry-saving aspects of driving a car that sounds like a milk float?



Irritating the person next to you on the train with the new portable CD player from Philips. Second only to having dog shit on your shoe, the *AZ6815* (left) is ideal for expanding your personal space when travelling on crowded public transport. Included in the very reasonable £149.99 price tag is a little gadget that makes it possible to plug the player into the cigarette lighter in your car so it can help you to stop smoking too!

Going to bed with author Shaun Hutson's latest horrific offering *Heathen*, an everyday story of murder, mystery and gory throat slashing, then waking up with curiously brown sheets...



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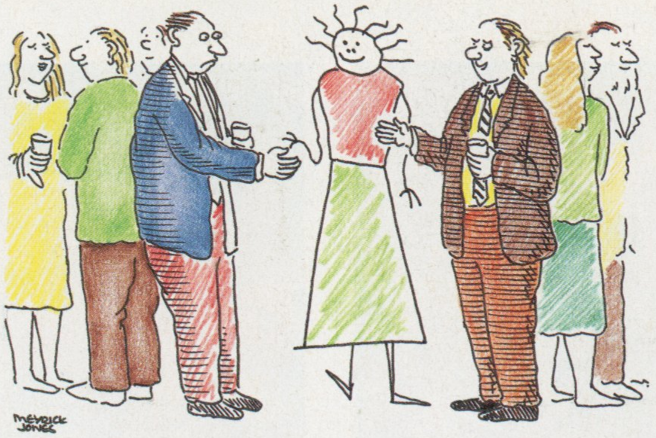
home they were soaked through with spunk and pussy juice, and completely ruined. Still that just gave us an excuse to go underwear shopping again! — Graham, Humberside



My wife Helen — she teaches art at the primary school

JUST THE TICKET

My job as a sales rep inevitably involves a lot of driving, but with my car in at the garage for repair one morning recently I was forced to take the train, and after what happened to me I'll never get behind the wheel again!

After waiting for an hour my train arrived, and I finally found an empty compartment. I was sitting there, quietly reading my paper, when the door slid open and in walked the most beautiful girl I had seen in a long time. She must have been about 20, with long, curly black hair cascading over her big boobs, and legs that went on and on, displayed for all to see by the tightest of mini-dresses.

“Mind if I join you? All the other compartments are full...” she said smiling. I barely managed to nod as she slid over to the seat opposite, hitched her red dress up a little and crossed her lovely legs. Before I could say ‘suspenders’, the bulge in my trousers was straining at my flies, as though it was desperate to get a better look itself!

She must have noticed my discomfort, as no sooner had I blushed bright red when she said “I hope I didn't do that”, her eyes fixed between my legs. “I just couldn't bear that,” she giggled, getting up from her seat and sitting next to me. “My name is Holly, by the way. What's yours?”

Before I could answer she leant over and slid her skirt up higher. “What on earth is making you so nervous?” she cooed.

I told her I was on my way to an important meeting in London, and quite a lot rested on it. “You poor thing, you must be so tense. I wonder if I could do anything for you?”

I could think of several things she could do for me as she ran one long red fingernail along my leg to my flies and slowly pulled the straining zip down!

“We could help each other,” she smiled. “I do find these long journies boring...” And on that note my cock burst out as if to say “So do I!”

She grabbed it with her right hand and moaned softly as her lips parted, and she lowered her head to take my cock right in, running her tongue up and down its length. Watching her head bob up and down frantically was driving me crazy.

Without even thinking that the guard or other passengers could come in any minute I lifted her head up to a groan of disappointment, kissed her full on those huge red lips and lifted her up onto my lap and pulled her panties to one side of her jet-black pussy patch.

She sat astride me, and with a squeal of delight eased herself down, guiding my rock hard shaft into her and began riding me slowly at first, then faster and faster. After a few minutes of this I knew I couldn't take much more and soon felt the pressure slowly building up inside me. Holly carried on bouncing up and down wildly, her head thrown back and her moans now getting so loud I knew the people next door must have known what was going on!

With one final thrust I exploded deep inside her, and sent both of us crashing onto the floor just as she climaxed, sending her into spasms that seemed to last for ages.

Now we both meet twice a week at her flat for sessions that last nearly as long as the wait for that train. — Stephen, Worthing. Ⓜ

Next month in Mayfair

You've got to hand it to April — she keeps a grip on her vital assets! So don't be palmed off with anything else: keep your finger on the pulse and check her out in

Volume 27 Number 10 — on sale September 24

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

bered. "Well, I was going to wash them anyway!" she said with a naughty giggle. Immediately, I stripped off and joined her (my suit had to be dry cleaned unfortunately!). Gail seemed to be enjoying the feel of the cool material clinging all over her body as evidenced by her nipples pushing through her bra and blouse. I started to undo it, peeling it away from her skin inch-by-inch. Gail said this was even better than an ordinary striptease and the wet fabric meant she felt every millimetre of material coming away. Then I slid down her sodden skirt.

The sight that greeted me was not unlike your picture of Stephanie Bews in the *Wetting Game* feature. Her white undies were see-through and her brown nipples and dark pubes showing through. That coupled with the water playing over my body had me stiff again. Gail seemed reluctant to take them off. Instead, she knelt down with the water cascading down her dark hair turning it as glossy as treacle, and started kissing my cock.

Soon her cool lips were around my knob, her tongue flicking over it. She slid it in further. Her hot mouth felt incredible after the cold water and my cock was tingling like never before. Somehow it seemed so much more sensitive, and Gail said she felt it was more responsive, jerking with every little touch of her tongue. Her breasts in their transparent bra looked so inviting I wanted to reach down and feel them through the sodden material, but instead the thought was just adding to the sublime agony of Gail's oral sex technique.

Sure enough, I soon came, flooding her mouth with warm liquid for a change. Then she dragged me down into the bath and we made love with the shower spraying over us. I couldn't get Gail to take off her wet knicks, she seems to like the feel of the material plastered against her, so I slid my cock in on one side of the gusset. It was good. Very good!

Yes, I can quite understand the allure of wet clothing for men and the women wearing it. I've never been a "hydrophile" as you say it's called, but I'm getting warmer! — Jack, Tooting

MONEY MAD

I enjoy most of the features in *Mayfair* (especially the girls, of course) but one of my favourites is the Money page. As a clerk for a team of accountants, I think it's funny and sometimes even informative — certainly not what I'd expect from a magazine such as yours.

However my bosses want to know if the Tight Arse Award is ever presented and if so is it by the

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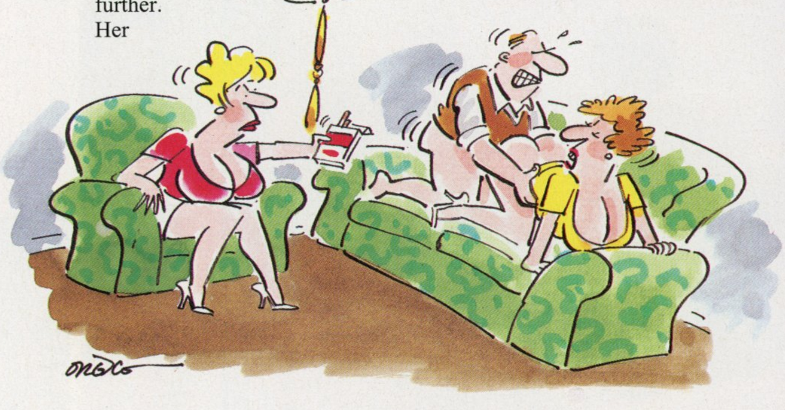


You'll have to excuse Malcolm — he always has to have sex before having a fag!

MONEY M

Thyme is money for City Editor and herbal remedyist ***Alexander More...***

INITIAL SUCCESS

Banks and building societies have recently announced that schemes like TESSAs and PEPs have been a great success. They put this down to the greater financial awareness of the public, good interest rates and tax savings. But we think that's bollocks! The real reasons these accounts have taken off is because they have silly names. Nothing gives the public greater pleasure than annoying the humourless bitch at the building society by asking if they can "get your hands on one of their TESSA's".

With this in mind, *Mayfair* has come up with our own range of accounts that the public will love and the bankers will hate, plus how to ask about them.

1) TITS — The Tax Incentive Trading Scheme: simply wander up to the well-built woman on the cash desk and say, "Can I take out one of your TITS?"

2) ARSE — The Annual Return Special Endowment. "Excuse me, Miss, can you show me your ARSE?"

3) PUSSI — The Personal User Special Savings Investment: "Hello, Miss Smyth, can I put something in your PUSSI, please?"

4) SHIT — Special Help Insurance Terms: "A friend told me I could have a SHIT over your counter."

5) VAGINA — The Variable Asset Greater Interest Nationwide Account: "I'm looking for extra growth and my accountant suggested I look up your VAGINA!"

Free copies of *Mayfair* for anyone who dares try it in a bank near us!

SHARE NEWS

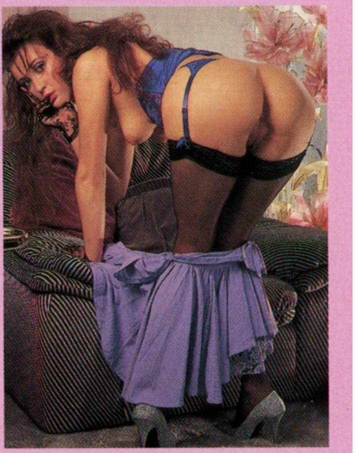
More ups and down in the Market. C of E plc has announced another drop in prophets, however the Catholic Birth Control Co who were due to show us the ins and outs of their business today pulled out at the last minute. Nude Bathers Ltd took a sudden dip whilst the Huge Boobs Co of Bristol managed to stay two points ahead. British Willies were standing firm too but are expected to slump after a merger with United Fannies brought about by some inside 'er dealing. We'll tell you if anything leaks out.

TIGHT ARSE OF THE MONTH

This month our Golden Globes award — the beautiful bronzed buttocks of Rebecca's rump dipped in bullion — goes to Nat West. Their scale of charges for people who unexpectedly slide into the red are so astronomical that one couple wound up paying over £447 for slipping over their overdraft limit for one month by just £150.

Charges included a mere £27.50 to stop a standing order of £4.50 (and four others at £27.50 each) and £20 per cashpoint withdrawal, even though at no point did the hole-in-the-wall machine tell them about the hole in their bank balance. The couple concerned have written complaining about the bank's behaviour but the Action Bank are doing nothing. So the couple are paying off this bill on their own. Our contribution in the form of Becky's bum is on its way too.

The Fat Vest are lucky to have grabbed our Gold Bottom this month, our old friends Girobank were in with a strong chance too. They charged one old age pensioner we've heard from £1.55 in interest charges on his Visa card for being 5p in the red — an interest rate of 3,000 per cent! To make matters worse, he had actually paid the 5p, but the Post Office counter clerk whom he paid in cash had written the figure down wrongly. When the incensed OAP sent a photocopy of his receipt (price 10p, twice the cost of his alleged overdraft) showing he had paid, Birowank were forced to admit defeat and re-credited him.



As regular readers know, Giro are previous winners for their virtually inescapable £24 charge should you be late in paying off your Girobank Visa card. If you thought that paying in cash at the Post Office on the day the amount was due would save the 24 quid you'd be wrong. The bank insists you allow seven days for the cash to... errrr... clear! And what happens in those seven days? Your money is in somebody else's bloody account earning vast amounts of interest, I'll be bound!

MAYFAIR

TAKE TWO GIRLS

Our experiment to see whether two models could make a million from a humble tenner in a year has bombed rather badly this month. Both Katherine Priam and Jill Brooks came into the *Mayfair* offices claiming to have blown the lot (and sadly we don't mean they performed oral sex on everyone!).

No, the two happy squanderers had spent every penny on holidays. Katherine who was in the lead with nearly £5,000 jetted off to the West Coast of America for three weeks staying in Beverly Hills, whilst Jill took her less grand £1,000 to the South of France. I wouldn't have minded but they were my tenners!

The girls claim that they did some work whilst they were out there, but judging by their tanned tushes, life was a beach.

"We've been working all year," sobbed Jill, "so when it came to August we both agreed to have it off!"

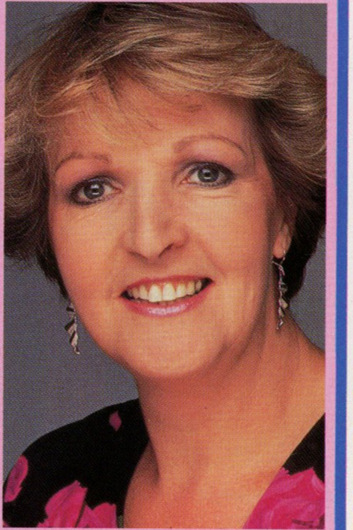
Judging by a pair of grins that spread wider than their legs on a photo-shoot, they both succeeded. Whose stupid idea was this?

TO THE BAD LIFE BORN

One of the most irritating tapes we've heard for some time (including *Now That's What I Call Music 85)* is a new Tax Saving Guide produced on cassette. Whilst we can't quibble with the information (which you could find almost anywhere) we do take issue with the choice of person to present it. The whole cassette is voiced by the seriously smug-sounding Penelope Keith.

Ms Keith has made her name playing a narrow range of snooty snobbish wealthy bitches who squander more in Harrods in one quick visit than you'll ever save from her taxation tips. But if she is so keen not to give so much money to the tax man, we have five ways she could half her IR bill overnight.

1) Stop appearing in dreadful sitcoms like *Executive Stress* that try to cash in on her one "To the Good Life Born" character.
2) Stop doing "posh" voice-overs for ads that try to cash in on her one "To the Good Life Born" character.
3) Stop appearing in the West End turning every classical role into her one "To the Good Life Born" character.
4) Stop producing patronising tax saving tapes in her one "To the Good Life Born" character.
5) Spend a few months working on a NEW character and possibly the odd dialect or two. It's called acting, Penelope!



STOP PRESS!

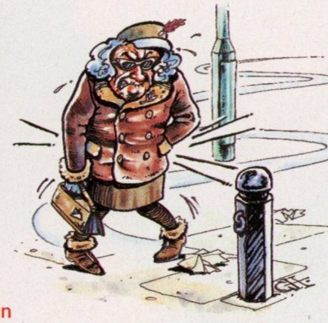
News has just come in of our money-minded girls, Katherine and Jill's respective holidays. Okay, so they spent most of their time on their backs, but at least they managed to make some cash! Katherine has been asked to appear in a US soap playing the bitch who seduces a cattle baron at a cool $10,000 an episode, whilst Jill's jugs are going to be aired on a topless French game show (50,000 francs for the series). Okay, girls you're forgiven!

MODERN MANNERS

*More clues for the uncouth from **Lavinia Garden**, the only thing we know brought up in a nice area apart from a pizza our Editor honked in Hampstead...*

PARDON ME?

Finding the correct balance between what is acceptable in private and what is not acceptable in public can be a demanding problem to many and handled incorrectly can cause great humiliation. Let me give you an instance from Mrs R Stitch a 67-year-old upstanding member of the community in Bottom Rubbit, Herts, for the point of illustration. "Walking along a busy thoroughfare last Wednesday, I was overcome with the terrible urge to scratch my poop shoot. At first I tried to ignore the problem in the hope that my anal irritation would go away by the time I reached the butcher's. However, much to my frustration, the problem became worse, even to the degree where my ability to walk in a straight line was severely affected.



"Eventually my back door itch became absolutely unbearable and, before the astounded eyes of my near neighbours and close personal friends, I lifted my right foot onto a traffic bollard and plunged my nails between my nether cheeks. For the next minute or more I scratched at the object of my discomfort, raking my nails over the itching square inch until the fire in my pants had been doused. The only drawback, however, is that since that moment all my friends and neighbours in our small community have turned their back on me, apparently disgusted by my abhorrent behaviour. What do you suggest I do now?"

Well, Mrs Stitch, the answer to your dilema is simple. Move house today, preferably to another country and nowhere near me you disgusting old cow. Old fuckers like you should be put down at sixty.

FIVE WAYS TO KNOW YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET THUMPED

A contratemps in a public place is always embarrassing. Differences of opinion, regional loyalties and disputes over pecking order in public houses are all-too-familiar causes of violence, occasionally leading to grievous bodily harm. The answer is to nip the situation in the bud as soon as possible. To help you do this, here are five greetings that mean you are about to get involved in unwarranted fisticuffs, and a suggested solution.

1) "You spilled my pint!" Replace the liquid commestable instantly.

2) "Ay, you're sitting in my girlfriend's seat!" Point out that you weren't aware pre-booking was essential.

3) "Did you call me a cunt?" Gibber like a madman and hope he thinks you're a looney.

4) "You a United supporter, pal?" Point out that you are scarcely in a viable financial position to support yourself, let alone anyone else.

5) "Are you a smart arse or what?" Explain that whilst you do probably have a better degree than he has, you weren't intending to show up his appalling ignorance — then run like fuck!

SMARTIE ON THE TUBE

Jeff from Putney asks whether with the growth of female equality he should stand for women on the tube. The asnwer is that it depends on what she's doing. Personally I won't stand for any woman who has black £9.99 heels on, is reading a Jeffrey Archer book or reeks of Boots perfume. No one should stand for people like that wherever you find them.

Illustrations by Chris Harding

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

model whose bum has been used to form the gold statuette. If that's the case, my fellow employees would love to get their hands on one. As accountants they charge a great deal (sometimes £700 a month) for doing very little and even get their clients to pay for meals when they go out! Real tight arses!

Come on, Julie-Anne, bring us our award! — B H, Sheffield

P.S. What does Lavinia Garden your Etiquette correspondent look like? Let's see a picture of her soon please. I love snooty girls!

GOING UP!

My wife's always been a right little raver, and she's the one who calls the shots in our sex life. Sometimes when we're out dining with friends, or at a party, she'll whisper to me that she's feeling horny, and describe how she wants me to fuck her later. That keeps me in such a fever of anticipation that I can hardly wait to get her home!

She loves to take risks too, especially fucking in our garden at night. We put a big parasol up over us, but I often wonder if any of our neighbours have heard her ecstatic moans and looked out of the window to see me kneeling on the grass licking her juicy cunt!

Recently though, she came up with her naughtiest idea ever — and I loved every second of it! We were out shopping in a big department store, and as we browsed through the lingerie session Jodie told me, "My pussy's getting very

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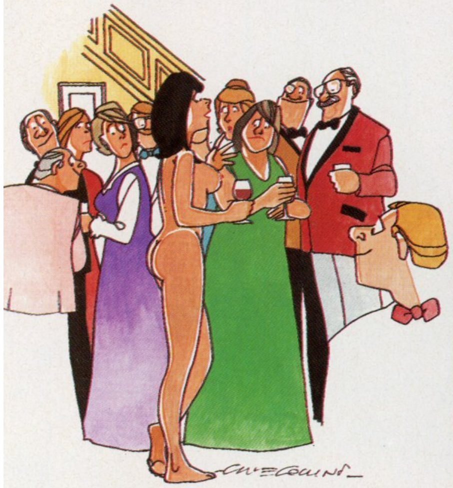


I have this recurring dream, where I'm at a fancy dress party, with total strangers and I'm stark naked...

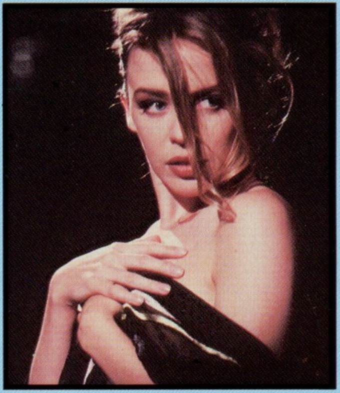
in briefs

'I'm sexual. I've never said that I'm sexy or raunchy or anything.' — Kylie Minogue

'She had a body that could melt a cheese sandwich across the room.' — Leslie Neilson on Priscilla Presley

'What do I look for in a girl? First her face, then her back yard.' — Emilio Estevez

'I'm not entirely thrilled with my body and I'd hate to see it spread across the pages of a men's magazine.' — Patsy Kensit (A million *Mayfair* readers disagree)



A town in Wales has introduced a ruling to stop its inhabitants having sex. The powers that be in Llandwrtyd Wells are worried that if people start having babies they will lose the title of Smallest Town in Britain — current population 618 — and tourists will stop going there. People are advised that they are not allowed to have any more than 2.5 children — the national average, and anyone who has more than that — without prior consent — risks being chastised. — *The Daily Star*

If strawberries remind you of the refinement of Wimbledon and lazy summer days consider the poor strawberry farmer in South America. The economy is so bad and competition is so fierce that a recent disagreement between strawberry farmers in Mexico left 21 people dead and 25 others in hospital. — *The Telegraph*

Our Survey Says...

The figures that reveal the intimate facts of your life sampled from this month's magazines...

Our sample

We've taken all the sex surveys from this month's women's magazines and Sunday papers, put them through the *Mayfair* computer and come up with some very vital statistics.

Top five types of undies women like to see on men

1) M&S cotton briefs
2) Paul Smith silk boxer shorts
3) None
4) Ann Summers edible undies
5) Calvin Klein undershorts

Bottom five types of undies women don't like to see on men

1) Leather G-string
2) M&S tanga briefs
3) Jockey Y-fronts
4) M&S boxer shorts
5) Ann Summers thong

Top five types of undies men like to see on women

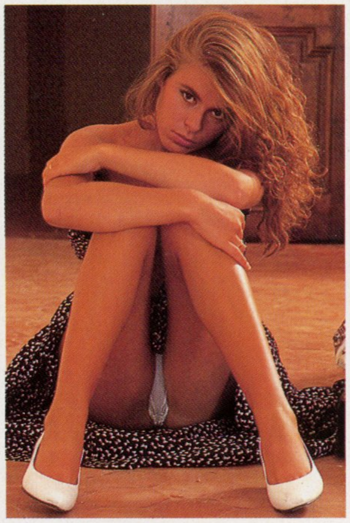
1) M&S white cotton panties
2) Black silk panties
3) Silk french knickers
4) Ann Summers red crotchless panties (silk or cotton)
5) Silk boxer shorts

Bottom five types of undies men don't like to see on women

1) Terry-towelling knickers
2) Pollard's 'bellywarmers'
3) Nylon tights
4) Days of the week nylon knickers
5) M&S Y-fronts

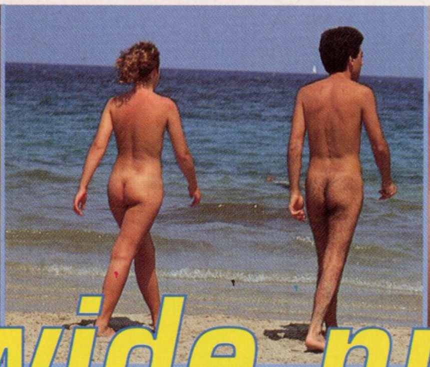
Top ten places girls want to do it

1) Anywhere
2) On the shag-pile on the bedroom floor
3) Over the kitchen sink
4) In their parent's bed
5) In their own bed
6) Frontseat of the car while driving very fast
7) In a field
8) On a beach
9) In the bath
10) Over a pool table in the local



Top ten places men want to do it

1) In bed
2) Up a back alley on the way home from the pub
3) Backseat of the car
4) At the office
5) On a beach
6) In women's clothing
7) In a field
8) In a swimming pool
9) In the bath
10) Anywhere



nationwide nudes!

Naked girls are everywhere! At least they are if you know where to look for them. Nudist beaches are taking off faster than a stripper's knickers and Britain is leading the way in letting it all hang out. This summer a new wave of saucy sun-worshippers tanned their behinds on some of the dirtiest beaches in Europe — and the *Mayfair* camera was on the spot to break the nudes!

First we went to Formby near Liverpool in Merseyside, one of the first beaches to set aside a stretch of sand for those who like their buns brown all over. It's still one of the best places to peel and is located at the heart of a preservation area, so look out for the rare birds!

A little closer to the sun, the south coast has gained a reputation as a haven for thousands of naked ravers with raunchy resorts like Fairlight Cove near Brighton and Leysdown in the Isle of Sheppey amongst the best. The delights of Wild Pear Bay in Devon and Long Rock Beach speak for themselves, though Dorset's sexy Shell Bay still remains the hottest spot for those bottomless bathers who dare to bare. But before you rush out to rip off your undies, a word of warning to those of you who are new to the sport — always drill a hole in the sand before you lie down!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

hot and wet looking at these naughty knickers. I need a fuck... now!"

I thought she'd want to leave at once, but first she bought a pair of skimpy pink panties, and then she dragged me over to the lift which led to the carpark. We were the only ones in the lift, and she told me to keep my finger on the button which closed the door, while she did something.

I was astounded to see her pull up her skirt and wriggle out of her knickers, right there in the lift, and then put on the pink pair.

"I just wanted to try them on," she giggled.

"Couldn't you have done that in the shop?" I asked.

"Yes... but I couldn't have done this," she said naughtily, dropping to her knees and unzipping my flies. I was worried we'd get caught, but that didn't stop me getting hard, and Jodie soon had her lips wrapped around my dick. She's an expert cocksucker, and she knows just how to flick her tongue around my shaft to get my spunk surging up into her mouth. But I could tell from the way her hand was in her knickers, frigging her clit, that she wanted my meat in her pussy.

I pulled her to her feet and got her to lean up against the wall with her back to me. Then I inched my cock inside her. It was a bit awkward, as I still had my finger on the button keeping the door closed, but she felt really tight and hot in that position, and I could tell from the way she was squirming on my cock that she was as randy as me.

I thrust into her slowly and deeply, pulling right out on each stroke and feeling her quiver with excitement. She was rubbing her clit and stroking my balls with one hand, the other keeping her balance against the wall.

Jodie always comes pretty quickly anyway, she's such a horny bitch, but the danger of discovery had got her so hot that she was soon moaning and shaking with her first climax, and that was quickly followed by another one. She was so wet her pussy juice was trickling out over my balls, and as she gasped, "Spunk inside me! Fill my cunt!" I came my load in her pussy.

Not before time either, as just then someone started banging on the lift door. Jodie grinned at me as she pulled the new pink knickers up over her soaking pussy, then helped me do up my flies before I finally let the lift door open.

I'm sure the group of people waiting outside must have been suspicious, as I was all flushed and guilty, while Jodie was smiling like the cat that got the cream! As for the new panties, by the time we got

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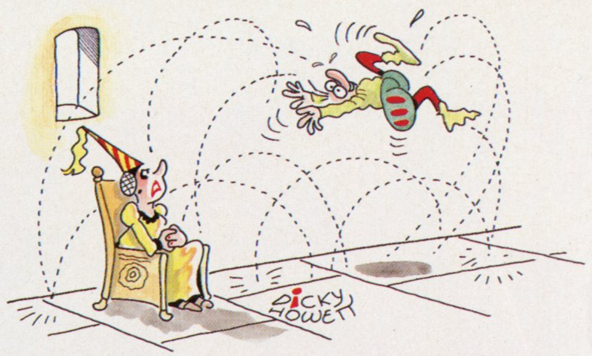
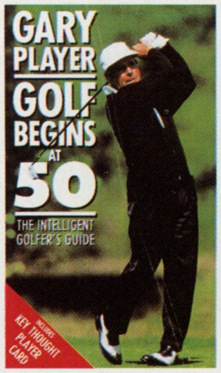


Can't you ever forget you used to be a frog?!

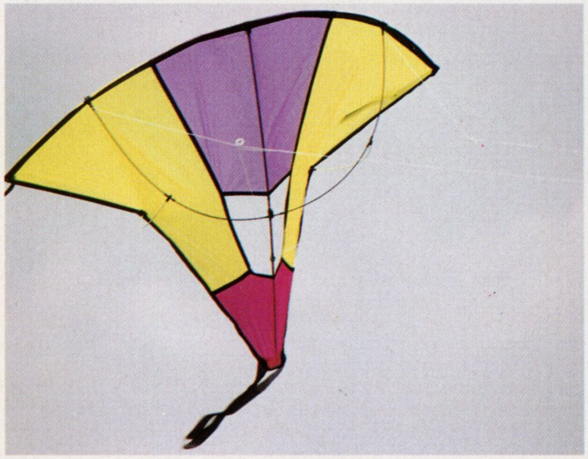
STUFF

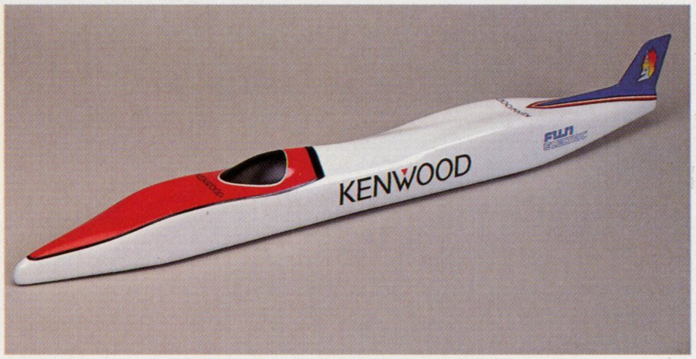
You'll never get through September without...


GARY PLAYER
GOLF BEGINS AT 50
THE INTELLIGENT GOLFER'S GUIDE
INCLUDING KEY THOUGHT PLAYER CARD

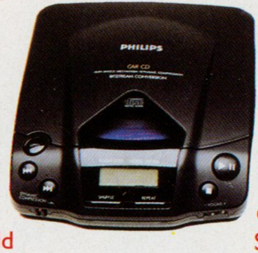
Improving your game with with Gary Player's *Golf Begins At 50* (right). Billed as *The Intelligent Golfer's Guide*, this 60 minute video from Pickwick offers advice to the older golfer, including: The Swing (and how to avoid back strain), Fitness (keeping your golfing muscles in good order), and The Bribe (how to drive home from the golf club completely rat-arsed and get away with it).

Getting high with a *Ferrari Sky Blade*, (below) which sounds like a new brand of ecstasy but is in fact a revolutionary new stunt kite costing £58. The 0.63 sq. m Blade boasts "coloured Ripstop nylons" and amazing "advanced swinging technology", but then so does my girlfriend. The *Ferrari Sky Blade* is available in two sizes from MLA, 242-244 St John Street, London EC1 4PH.



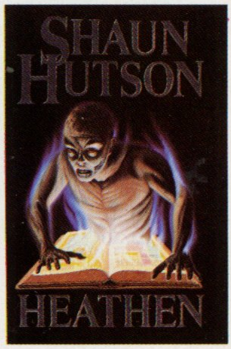


Taking a 250 mph trip in the world's fastest toothbrush — the *Kenwood Clean Liner* (above, batteries not included). Ten metres long and powered by the same type of electric motor as the Japanese Bullet Train, the sleek one-man vehicle is favourite to take the world land speed record for an electric car. Apparently the non-polluting, energy-saving aspects of electric power are very worthy of Kenwood's support. But what about the non-pulling, cherry-saving aspects of driving a car that sounds like a milk float?



Irritating the person next to you on the train with the new portable CD player from Philips. Second only to having dog shit on your shoe, the *AZ6815* (left) is ideal for expanding your personal space when travelling on crowded public transport. Included in the very reasonable £149.99 price tag is a little gadget that makes it possible to plug the player into the cigarette lighter in your car so it can help you to stop smoking too!

Going to bed with author Shaun Hutson's latest horrific offering *Heathen*, an everyday story of murder, mystery and gory throat slashing, then waking up with curiously brown sheets...



NUDE BAYWATCHER

More beach balls from the men with the muscles — from the neck up...

Knoby and the sandy-brained bimbo Minge were sitting at the top of their tower overlooking Malibu-and-Coke Beach when suddenly Knoby screamed. "Oh God, no! I can't look!"

"What's up, Knoby?" asked his air-headed assistant.

Minge lifted her binoculars from their resting place between her tits and put them to her eyes (Her binoculars, that is, not her tits!). "Where? Where?" she asked.

"Oh God, no, it's a disaster!" cried Knoby. "A terrible wreck is about to wash up on the beach!"

Minge focused her glasses. "Oh you mean the fat old lady on the lilo! We must get the lifeboat to push her back to sea. We don't have lard-arses on our bit of coastline," Minge insisted. "We have to protect the shore from anything that might harm the bathers, and the sight of her corned beef buttocks could have them bowking their Budweiser over the beach! But hang on, what's that?"

Knoby lifted his binoculars. "Shit! It's a pair of large brown unexploded mines half covered with sand!" he cried. "You make sure nobody goes near and I'll diffuse them.

He ran to where the twin mounds poked out of the sand with a man sitting beside it, flicking sand over the two bombshells. A bit further up from them, a woman's head lay seemingly unattached to her body.

"Hey, keep away, man!" screamed Knoby. "I know how to handle these sorts of things!"

"But that's my girlfriend!" protested the young man.

Knoby spotted the head.

"It's claimed one victim already!"

"But I was just burying her..." the man attempted to explain.

"I'm sorry, but the body will have to go to the coroner before funeral arrangements can be made."

Knoby placed his hands gently on the firm mounds. They seemed to be quivering slightly. God, they were still live! Suddenly the head let out a low moan. "Interesting," said Knoby. "Now there must be a fuse round here..."

He slid his hand gently between the two brown mounds. "Hey, I think I've found the fuse."

He pulled hard at a short cord, then suddenly there was a snap and a massive explosion — of anger!

"Hey you've ripped my g-string!"

It was the disembodied head now very much attached to a body sitting up in the sand, the "mines" her beautiful bare brown buttocks.

"I tried to tell him I was just burying you in the sand!" the boyfriend insisted.

"You jerk! You fucking grade one asshole!" screamed the girl.

Knoby tried to run but suddenly he was knocked unconscious by a lilo aimed at his head by a fat lady with corned beef buttocks...

To be continued, possibly.

BOX OFFICE

What's going on and coming off on stage and screen with our reviewer, ***Albert Hall***

MIRELLY ON THE TELLY

Our feature this month on game show hostesses who have bared all completely forgets to mention the amazing *Mayfair* model **Mirrel Ashley** (*right*). The rare Welsh bit from the seaside resort of Tenby is one of the hostesses of *Tutti Frutti,* a naughty new game show coming to satellite TV.

Dishy Mirrel passed the audition thanks to her beauty and personality, but we reckon her superb 36-24-36 figure may well have helped — specially since some of the show requires her to go topless. Quiz games have improved a lot since *What's My Line*, haven't they?

BATMAN'S RE-TORN...

If I see any other so-called middle-of-the-road chat show host or supposedly respectable lifestyle magazine salivating over **Michelle Pfeiffer**'s latex catsuit in *Batman Returns,* I shall throw up.

The over-publicised pervy one-piece was specially made and cost thousands but more importantly gave every TV show an excuse to get into S&M, and every S&M freak an excuse to get out his knob.

What is less well recorded is that the ridiculously priced rubber outfit was, in fact, crap. It was so poor that by the end of the film the seams were falling apart. The only way the skintight suit could be held together was with sticky tape, thus preventing Miss Pfeiffer's pfanny pfalling out on screen.

What we want to know is, why didn't they just pick up a perfectly good one from the rubberwear shop up the road from the *Mayfair* office? We'd have happily have arranged a fitting — for a chance to watch!

BERNI'S BIT PARTS

Every month we send our model **Berni Holt** *out to see what parts she can handle. This month: A traffic accident victim in BBC1's* Casualty.

"When my agent told me I'd landed a nude role, and I'd spend the whole time in bed, I said, "Lead me to it!" Then when the producer added that I'd be covered from head to foot in latex, I was looking forward to a pervier production than any of Ken Russell's! Unfortunately, the bed turned out to be in cubicle three of Holby General's Casualty department, and the latex was what the special effects surgeons at Pebble Mill used for imitation scars!

"I spent hours in make-up whilst a rather nice young girl covered my body in cuts and bruises. Her brush tickled like mad. It was just like having her lick me all over. Then they squirted me with a mixture of red dye and gelatine to look like blood, before pouring vegetable soup over me 'cos I was meant to have thrown up. Very sexy! Trouble was, I was kept waiting even longer than in an NHS ward before my "roll-on" (I was on a trolley) and got a bit peckish. In consequence, most of the vegetable soup had gone by the time I was shot!

"When I finally did make it on screen, I was hoping to have that nice Julian massage my chest to get my heart going (or even Ash give me a bit of mouth-to-mouth). Instead I got dumpy Duffy who took one look and said, "Take her to X-Ray". That was it. I then had to spend another half an hour of agony peeling off all the rubber! Still it was cheaper than Immac!

TV GUIDE

Five Ways to Spot if Noel Edmonds is in Your House!

Like it or not, and sadly millions did, *Noel's Full House* will be back with us soon. One of the most popular features of Little Noll's show was NTV where pictures came direct from some viewer's house, much to their surprise. Well, just in case you're having a quick hand-shandy over *Mayfair* and don't want to be disturbed by the giggling goblin, here are five ways to spot if you're about to be on NTV, and what to do about it.

1) A vase of flowers has appeared on your telly courtesy of your fun-loving wife. On closer inspection there's a small cylindrical object inside. This is Noel's Magicam! Piss off the BBC by dropping it in the water.

2) Your wife suddenly insists you both

watch Noel's show (even though you've suggested going to bed three times) WITH ALL THE LIGHTS ON! Turn them off and have the BBC's lighting director doing cartwheels!

3) She also insists you sit directly in front of the telly and has tidied up the lounge for the first time in weeks. Listen to Noel's earpiece exploding by getting your knob out as he announces the item!

4) There's a strange Land Rover with an aeriel parked round the corner from your house (one couple who had their wedding reception "invaded" by Noel in the last series confessed they were not the least surprised as there had been a bloody great BBC van outside all afternoon!). Solution — ask the engineers to sod off.

5) Your missus is dressed up like a dog's dinner but doesn't want to go out. Put your hand up her skirt, pull down her panties, and see how she likes national television exposure.

IN OUR VIEW

Five Shows We Wish Were Part of the Autumn Season

1) *Noel's Arse Party.* Naughty Noel takes his camera to beautiful girls' houses and asks them to flash their bottoms live on TV.

2) *The Degeneration Game.* Bruce Forsyth dies a horrible death and we watch him rot in hell (Good game! Good game!).

3) *Nelly Addicts.* Noel shows members of the public pairs of famous tits and asks them to guess who they belong to!

4) *Bound Date.* Cilla asks three men to describe what perversions they'd like to perform on a horny young woman, and she picks the one she fancies most. Next week she describes in intimate detail what happened...

5) *That's No Jizz.* The celebrity sperm count game in which we find out what famous people are really made of. Hosted by Mike Smith.

THE WAR OF WIND

*The second part of **Herman Noukie**'s bad-seller soon to be made into a tacky TV series starring someone like Tom Selleck...*

In last month's episode: while Maria Entrance entertains Rome with the sounds of Radio P-NIS, Slug ENtrance endeavours to track down Rufus Bugg-Hare, son of the British Ambassador

Episode Two: The First Bang Reverberates

Inez Dick was polishing glasses in her bar in Casawanca when she spotted a brawny young man, dressed in the uniform of a T.W.A.T. unit, coming through the door. Inez's mind was involuntarily dragged back to Paris. A warm night on the banks of the Seine. The fragrance of apple blossom. The passion of youth. A girl, a soldier, a bag of vegetables a French pastry.

"Private Prodder," she mumbled, and as she said that name it was almost as if she experienced once again that moment of ecstasy when he waggled his celery stick between her cup cakes.

Now, five years later, three thousand miles away, their eyes met again. For a moment there was silence, then Inez stepped towards him and mumbled, "Of all the bras in all the world, you had to come into mine." They hesitated, then their lips met.

In Whitehall, London, Tipsy Bugg Hare, young, fragrant and as easily spreadable as margarine, squealed as she was given another posting by Major Shelfunits, the Head of MFI5. "It's a weal stiff one, old gel. But I'm sure you could handle it."

"Casawanca," Tipsy whimpered. "What can possibly be there that's of interest to HMG?"

"Well," the Major said, a grim look passing across his mien too late to beat the off side trap. "Word fwom S.A.U.S.A.G. 'E' says a high-wanking German officer is in Casawanca with a team of archaeologists. They're looking for 'The Power Balls Of Mi'Kreed' — a legendary sack containing two precious stones which, if rubbed together, can explode with the force of a thwee thousand megaton atomic bomb!"

At mention of this terrifying device the Major forgot all sense of propriety and seized Tipsy in his arms. "Oh, darling," Tipsy sobbed. "It's so hard. I don't want to go."

"I know, darling," the Major commented. "And it's going to get harder while you're away!" He leant forward and whispered in her ear, "I wish I could be with you at the front, darling."

"I know you do, darling," Tipsy sighed. "But you see, I can only really enjoy it if you take me from behind. It's something to do with watching sheep when I was young."

Illustration by Duncan Gutteridge

Sir Poltroon Bugg-Hare leaned across the table and helped himself to salad. "The awful thing is," he growled at Slug Entrance who was dining at the Embassy at the request of Sir Poltroon's daughter Daphne, "that there's this frightful chap in charge in Italy."

"The Duce," Daph said.

Sir Poltroon shook his head. "No. An Italian chap..."

"Mussolini, sir," Slug ventured.

The British Ambassador held up a hand. "No thanks. Those little shellfish give me heartburn. Dashed if I can think of this rotter's name. That's the trouble with being a diplomat — have to remember the monikers of all these foreigners. Like that French johhny. De..."

"Gaule!" Daph exclaimed.

"Bravo!" Sir Poltroon bellowed. "Was it Tom Finney?"

But Daphne did not answer, for at the pretence of retrieving her dropped napkin she'd disappeared beneath the table.

Little wonder that Slug greeted Sir Poltroon's anecdote, about Sir Winston falling in Mrs Simpson's lap and bruising her Chihuahua, with such smiles.

When MFI operative Bugg-Hare rendezvoused with Private Prodder she on the beach at Casawanca she was disguised as a Sheikh.

Prodder grimaced. "I think you'd better slip out of your costume pretty damn quick, Bugg-Hare. At the moment you stand out in Casawanca like a... er... well, a six foot high, frothy, fruity milk drink."

Seconds later Tipsy stood before Prodder Entrance in her underwear. He allowed his eyes to roll down her body. "You!" he gasped, "you're a dame!"

"No," the plucky Brit replied. "But my mama is a Lady which means I'll be one too some day."

The lantern-jawed Texan shook his head. "Jeez, what a broad."

"Yes," Tipsy replied spunkily. "And in England too. Once a knight, always a knight!"

"Baby," husked Prodder, "once a night won't be enough for me!"

Above Crete, Hitler's paratroopers prepared to bail out.

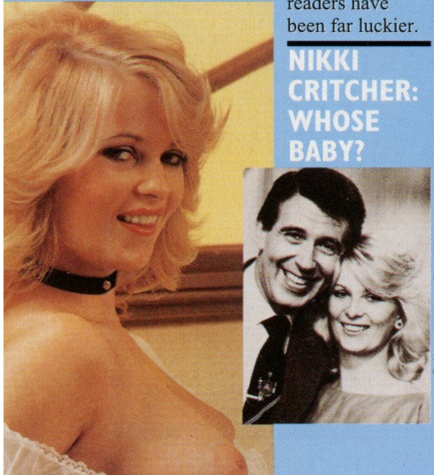
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

GAME GIRLS

***Bill Shipton** discovers that some of television's game show hostesses have revealed more than the scores on the doors...*

"I'm the leader of the pack,
That makes me such a lucky Jack,
And here they are, they're so appealing
— Go on dollies, do your dealing!"

For those with short memories, that immortal piece of verse was the cue for two leggy lovelies to place the giant playing cards on the set of *Bruce Forsyth's Play Your Cards Right*. It would be followed by some suitably sexist badinage by Brucie to add that essential moment of glamour to the unrelenting greed of the game show. Since the game show replaced the quiz show, none have been complete without at least one hostess. Whether she introduces the contestants, tots up the scores or points at the prizes, they are as essential an ingredient as saying, "But you don't go away empty handed..." to the loser. But whilst the audience rarely gets to see them reveal more than a flash of thigh, *Mayfair* readers have been far luckier.



NIKKI CRITCHER: WHOSE BABY?

The Golden Sh*t

One of the first of the new breed of big prize game shows was the terminally tacky *Golden Shot*. Broadcast live on a Sunday afternoon for most of its life and relying on complex moving sets and camera-mounted crossbows, it went wrong with unerring frequency. After even game show maestro Bob Monkhouse had grown exhausted by it, it sent first Norman Vaughan to a period of obscurity from which he never fully recovered. For **Jeannie Collings**, it did the opposite.

Back in 1974, Jeannie was one of the 'Golden Girls of the Month', a hostess-cum-scoregirl who paraded in mini-skirts and tight tee-shirts throughout the programme. However she wore a great deal less when she appeared in *Mayfair*'s Vol 9 No 8. The saucy swimming instructress stripped off completely; doing more for her modelling career (and the show's ratings) than any amount of totalling the scores.

Incidentally, *Mayfair* was to play a part in *The Golden Shot* much later in its history when a holiday on offer as a prize was also featured in the magazine. It was agreed that Bob Monkhouse, who'd returned to the show by then would mention our magazine and in return we'd give the winner a year's subscription as well. Unfortunately in the heat of the moment on live TV, Bob offered a 'lifetime subscription' instead, and the winner's claimed it ever since!

Knickerless Persons

Also prone to the odd cock-up was the smarmy Nicholas Parsons. The one-time stooge for Benny Hill played host on Anglia TV's *Sale of the Century* with an urbane charm in total contrast to Bob's gag-a-minute approach. Okay so he'd say things like, "Brenda after being almost in the lead has slipped right back to second place", but the Norwich-based show had a low budget appeal. Especially when **Laura Beaumont** joined the cast. Pointing at the prizes or pretending to drive the hatchback wasn't good enough for her. In our Vol 14 No 2, circa 1979, she flung off her flimsies to provide a show that would have blown even Nicholas's cool. Needless to say, the magazine was an Instant Sale.

In the 1980s, the game show was rapidly overtaking variety as the spice of televisual life. On BBC1, Bruce Forsyth was making willowly Anthea Redfern his wife — and a star — on *The Generation Game* whilst Ted Rogers had to settle for a remote controlled dustbin as a co-host on Yorkshire's *321*. But whilst many recall the big budget Saturday shows, few remember such midweek monstrosities as Thames TV's *Whose Baby?* Except *Mayfair* readers that is! Telly trivia fans will remind you that it brought the return to TV of Leslie Crowther as the host (replaced later by Bernie Winters) but Mayfairers remember the show for nude model **Nikki Critcher**. Demurely clad as a sort of motherly matron for the celebrity offspring, she would lead them on and off when the panel had guessed from whose famous loins they'd sprung (a sort of 'Through the Lovehole'!). Could she really be the same big titted model who bared her bodacious boobs in 1984's Vol 19 No 1? Sure was! Perhaps the show should have been called 'Whose Boobies?'

JEANNIE COLLINGS: GOLDEN SHOT

Winner Takes All Off

Yorkshire TV's idea of fun wasn't much greater. *Winner Takes All* was devised by Geoffrey Wheeler (one time questionmaster of *Top of the Form*) and was hosted by a surprisingly inept Jimmy Tarbuck. Contestants had to bet money on the correct answers to general knowledge questions (yawn!), but few of them would have put money on the girl who'd introduced them getting her tits out! But she did! In 1986 **Sue Lee** showed what a firm favourite she was in Vol 21 No 11, and was promptly sacked from the show. It was no great loss to her. Tarbuck left soon after (I wonder why) and Wheeler hosted the show in a new daytime slot where it died a slow death.

A year later and Bob Monkhouse was still going strong this time with the BBC'S *Bob's Full House*. Quite what he would have come up with had he known that the lady pointing to the prizes was Page Three girl, **Cindy Milo**, who flashed her figure all over Vol 22 No 9, and later did the same in the film

Scandal, we shall never know. Incidentally, Cindy's bottom, this time clad in tight jeans, was also the one that got smacked twice to the jingle of coins in the 1980s ads for Asda — remember, 'All the prices are low, wherever you go, at Asda price, ching ching!'? No? Oh well, never mind.

After a decade of dolly dealers, it was not surprising that the 80s would end in a parody of a game show. Now the hostesses would fall off the podium, trip over, spill things and fail to unlock the Vauxhall Nova star prize. The show was LWT's *Trick or Treat* hosted by Mike Smith and the then largely unknown Julian Clary. Julian was later to have his *Sticky Moments*, but probably not as many as he had during this particular programme. The show was surrounded by controversy from the beginning, especially as to how the deliberately hopeless hostesses were chosen. But suffice it to say, three of the show's hostesses were soon appearing in our Vol 24 No 3.

Strip And Treat

Kim Scott had already been in the headlines for performing with 'scandalous' hip-hop band The Beastie Boys when they toured over here, and Julie Evans had been in *Mayfair* before, after she'd been part of Noel Edmonds' Hit Squad in *The Late Late Breakfast Show*. **Erika Lauren** was the least well-known, a topless model who happened to get embroiled in the controversy. Either because of their nude modelling background or because the nation wasn't ready for a parody game show when the real ones seemed to manage to do it themselves quite successfully, the show was axed after one series. But I doubt if we've heard the last of the girls — or sadly, Mike Smith.

In America where game shows are allowed to offer gargantuan prizes, the hostesses become as famous as the hosts, if not more. Vanna White has turned the American *Wheel of Fortune* into a national obsession. Posters of her proclaiming "Nobody touches my wheel" are plastered on hoardings and the sides of buses. You can even buy Vanna dolls.

Surely the time will come when a British game show hostess achieves equal fame rather than notoriety. Until then *Mayfair* will make sure none of our readers at least will go home and stay empty-handed.

LAURA BEAUMONT: SALE OF THE CENTURY

FIVE GAME SHOWS THAT WERE REAL LOSERS

Tarby's Frame Game (Yorkshire TV)
That's My Dog (TSW)
Cannon and Ball's Casino (Yorkshire)
Take the Plunge with Su Pollard (Granada)
Jokers Wild with Barry Cryer (Thames)

TV's CRASSEST CATCHPHRASES

"Keep out of the black and in the red. You get nothing in this game for two in a bed," Jim Bowen, *Bullseye.*

"In bingo-lingo clickety-clicks, it's time to take your pick of the six!" Bob Monkhouse as the category board rotated on *Bob's Full House.*

"The names on the frames say Brian and: Linda have ten points, whilst Barry and John have 12" Larry Grayson on *The Generation Game.*

"Don't touch the deck, we'll be back in a sec!" Bruce Forsyth advert break catchphrase on *Play Your Cards Right.*

"Hang on to your hollyhocks!" largely forgotten catchphrase from Bob Monkhouse's days on *Golden Shot!.*

"These are the jokes, folks! They're falling about out there!" Desperate line of a dying comic — Norman Vaughan on *The Golden Shot!*

ERIKA LAUREN: TRICK OR TREAT

FIVE PRIZE HOSTESSES WHO DESERVE TO WIN AN APPEARANCE IN MAYFAIR

Carol Voorderman, *Countdown*
Rosemary Ford, The Generation Game
Kathy Lloyd *Bob's Your Uncle*
Annabelle Croft, *Treasure Hunt*
Anneka Rice, ex-*Treasure Hunt*
Alison Holloway, *Run the Gauntlet*

SUE LEE: WINNER TAKES ALL

CINDY MILO: BOB'S FULL HOUSE

SPECIAL DEL

by Reed Manning

Being a postman was the first steady job John had ever had. John's problem was that he was a dreamer. By the age of 26 he had imagined himself right out of ten different occupations.

As a postman, John had found his calling. His hands and legs did his job automatically. His supervisor complimented him and assigned him a route in a posh area. All was going well until the day he met Lace.

She was standing in her doorway, wearing a tight-fitting nightdress. John didn't see her until he reached her step. In place of a letter box he saw a shapely pair of knees. Startled, he looked up.

He was mesmerized. She had long, rich brown hair, done up in ringlets so that it wreathed her face. Pretty, about thirty, she couldn't have weighed more than seven stone — all of it tucked in a tiny package. Except the breasts. Those were not diminutive at all. They strained against the nightdress, neatly outlining the prominence of her nipples.

"Y-your post," John stammered.

She took it and turned back into her house, allowing him to see how well the nightdress hugged her bum.

All that afternoon his imagination worked overtime, presenting him with one pleasant image after another: Lace, naked on the Persian carpet of her living room. Her lips descending over his hard cock...

He'd been intrigued by her from the time he'd seen her unusual name on letters addressed to her. Her formal name was Elizabeth, but all her personal mail came to Lace. He imagined ways she might have come by the nickname.

To his surprise, she was there in the doorway the next day. She smiled warmly, took her post, and went inside. This time she wore a negligee so sheer that John could see the shadowy triangle of her pubic hair.

When he reached his van, John slipped in the back, pulled down his flies, and made an offering to Dionysus so exuberant that he splattered several of his post bags.

He and Lace continued their ritual every day that he worked. Four weeks went by, then six, until John knew every curve of her body through one silky stretch of fabric or another.

Then one day, much to his chagrin, her door was closed. He told himself there were a million mundane reasons for her absence, but his shoulders sagged nonetheless. He tucked a handful of envelopes into the letter box and turned to go.

With a gentle squeak of hinges, the door opened. Lace stood beneath the lintel, completely naked.

John's throat went dry. Lace retreated within, beckoning to him. Without a word — she had never spoken to him in the whole six weeks — she lay down on the plush carpet and spread her legs.

The aroma of woman tugged him inward like a salmon on a hook. He tossed his bag on the floor and stripped. Her eyes flashed admiringly as his hard-on sprang into view.

John knew he'd never believe he could really have her until he was inside her, so he wasted no time. Her pussy was already wet.

He knelt down between her legs and pressed his cock into her. She writhed and sighed. She was soft and smooth inside. When she squeezed him, it made his cock feel twice its normal thickness.

Now he believed she was real. And that being the case, he didn't want to rush things. He pulled out, slid down, and tasted the spot where his cock had just been.

"Oh, I like that," she murmured.

He slid his tongue over her clitoris in circles. It swelled. Lace shifted her hips for better contact and he settled on a steady rhythm. A finger slid easily in and out of her cunt.

The phone rang. John raised an eyebrow, but Lace merely squirmed and sighed. Her abdomen rippled with contractions. After the fourth ring, the answering machine came on. Soon the room filled with a male voice saying, "Gotta work late, darling. See you about seven."

At the sound of her husband's voice, Lace burst into deep heaving sighs. Her clitoris quivered under John's lips. His tongue lashed until her bum settled back to the carpet. "Your turn," she said.

Lifting one of her legs, he moved to his side and slipped into her scissor-style. That way he could manipulate her clit while he fucked her.

Her tits bobbed delightfully in front of his face. He shifted his hand from her pussy to a boob, and teased the nipple to hardness.

His spunk poured out. Midway through, she twisted around in order to kiss him. They lingered there for thirty seconds, then she scooted down and began licking his soaked cock. He knew then she wasn't going to let him get away with only one orgasm.

"Why me?" John asked.

Lace caressed his balls. "I don't want a big affair. I just want someone to fuck me during the day when my husband can't be here. I didn't think you'd mind."

Lace stopped greeting John at the door. On days when she needed sex he'd find the door slightly ajar. Entering, he'd find her on the bed, her pussy wet with anticipation. Life didn't get any better than delivering the post with a cock thoroughly sucked and fucked. John's workdays cruised along.

His supervisor, however, didn't think they were cruising at all.

"John," the man said, "customers are complaining about late delivery."

"It won't happen again, sir," John declared. He worked harder. And he and Lace contented themselves with a couple of fucks or so per week.

John's deliveries returned almost to normal and everything would have gone fine had John not met Teresa.

Teresa wasn't as bold as Lace. John would pass along her fence, and she'd chat brightly about the weather. Admiring her capable body and tanned limbs, he'd usually find something to say in return. Becoming friendly was automatic. Had it not been for Lace, he never would have recognized something extra behind that friendliness. No garden needed that much attention.

He took the hint. "Any chance of a cup of tea?" he asked one day.

Her bum shifted inside her shorts. "I could brew some," she said softly.

She led him inside. Her rear end squirmed again.

"Do you like honey in your tea?" she asked, reaching over him to grab the jar from the table. Her breast grazed his shoulder.

"Let me have a taste," he said.

She draped a strand of honey over the end of her tongue and leaned toward him. Their mouths merged, tongues snaking over each other until the honey coated both equally.

"You get the message across fast," he whispered.

"I go crazy over men in uniform," she groaned, dropping to her knees. She attacked his fly. As his cock emerged, she grabbed it and led him to the bedroom.

The mirrors on the ceiling reflected back John's naked lower body, crowned by one of the most rigid hard-ons he'd ever felt — he was imagining Lace sucking him while he

VERY

The day John met Lace standing half-naked on her doorstep he found himself delivering much more than just the mail...

was still wet from Teresa's pussy. He wondered how he'd handle it if Lace really were in the mood to fuck when he reached her place.

That worry fled his mind as Teresa crawled onto the bed and wrapped her mouth around his cock. He gazed at her fine, round lines in the ceiling mirror. She had the tiniest pussy he'd ever seen. His cock would never fit!

But he was wrong. Giving his prick a final tongue-lashing, his hard-on slid inside her without resistance.

Teresa shuddered, eyes closed. She ground her pubic bone against his, her pussy burning him up.

“You're going to fuck me like this a lot, aren't you?” Teresa breathed. “You're going to be my regular special delivery man, aren't you?”

John gave her a special delivery. It wasn't exactly rush service — a pussy like Teresa's was too fine to abandon quickly — but it was one of his biggest packages. A thick geyser of semen rushed deep into her. She milked him, keeping the rhythm until long after the last, exuberant spasm had travelled up his shaft.

His job certainly had great fringe benefits.

“John,” said his supervisor meaningfully one day.

“I know, boss. I'll try to do better.”

And he did. He alternated Teresa and Lace, and started earlier. He started jogging from house to house. He thought he had it worked out.

Then Lace handed him an unexpected complication. “I know you've been fucking someone else,” she said.

She slid her mouth over his cock again as she waited for his answer. Her hand surrounded his balls.

“Yes,” he said, and braced himself.

She gasped, as if the admission turned her on. She began sucking so vigorously he couldn't resist. Spurts of spunk poured down her throat.

“You're... not angry?” he asked.

“Well, if you weren't such a hunk, I might complain,” she said. “But you can make it up to me.”

“I can? How?”

“As long as you're going to handle multiple women, there's this friend of mine down the road...”

Alena was the sort of woman who would never have had the courage to seduce her postman. A bit on the plump side, she blushed when John arrived at her door.

Once she made it past her timidity, though, she was a sex machine. She whooped as he thundered into her doggie-style. She sucked like a veteran. And she actually ordered him to fuck her lovely double D-cup wonders until he spurted white plumes all over her thrust-out tongue.

After that, he enlisted Teresa in the network, too. To his relief none of the women was jealous, as long as they got some on a regular basis. So he worked out a schedule. He himself found the schedule a bit rough. He'd try to hurry his deliveries, but he was getting too spent. He could see the writing on the wall. Fortunately, he had a plan to deal with his difficulties.

“John, we've had complaints again,” his supervisor said. “I just don't get it. Do I have to fire you?”

“Hold on, I've a favour to ask,” said John carefully. “Take my route tomorrow. See if you can do it faster.”

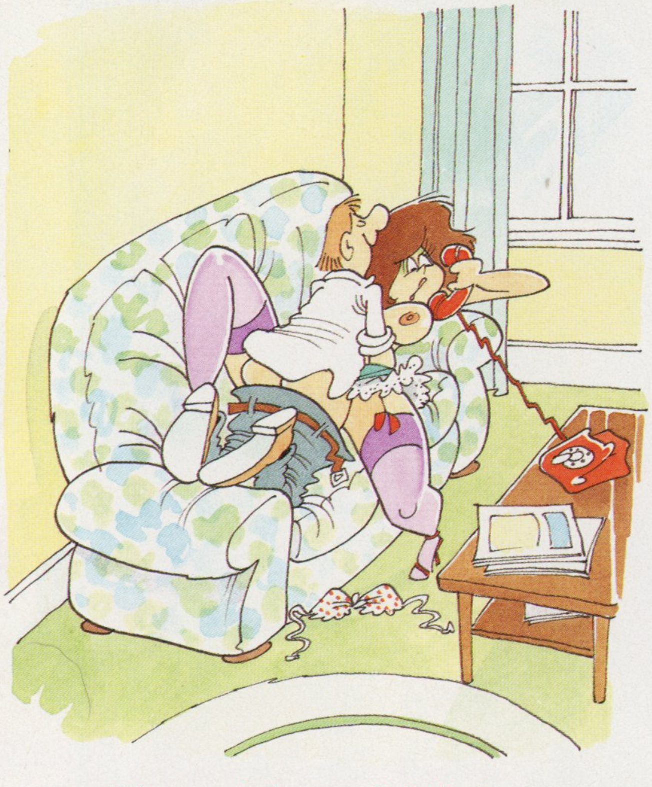
His supervisor was an athletic man of about forty. He flexed his legs, as if eager to meet a challenge like that.

John was waiting at the post office when his supervisor dragged in the next evening, hair tousled, legs bowed. He stared at John with bloodshot eyes and said softly, “You can keep your job on one condition — I get to be your substitute on your days off.”

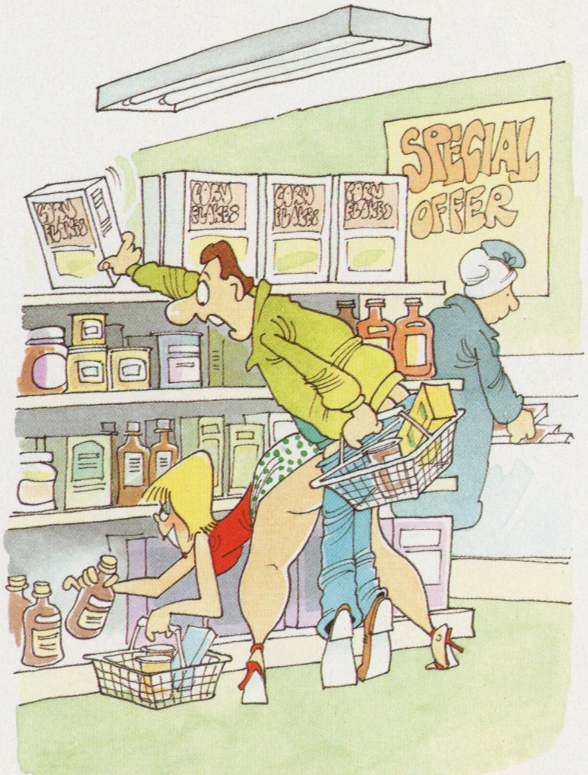
“Sure thing. I'm due a holiday, too, if you want to...”

“Oh, no.” The other man went pale. “Once a week is all I could survive.”

Keeping a steady job wasn't hard, John decided as he sorted the post the next morning. All it took was a little imagination.



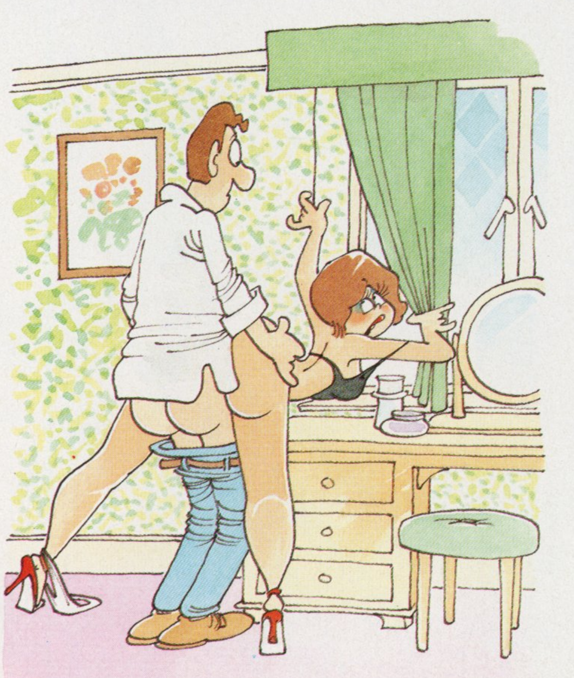
What squelching sound, darling?



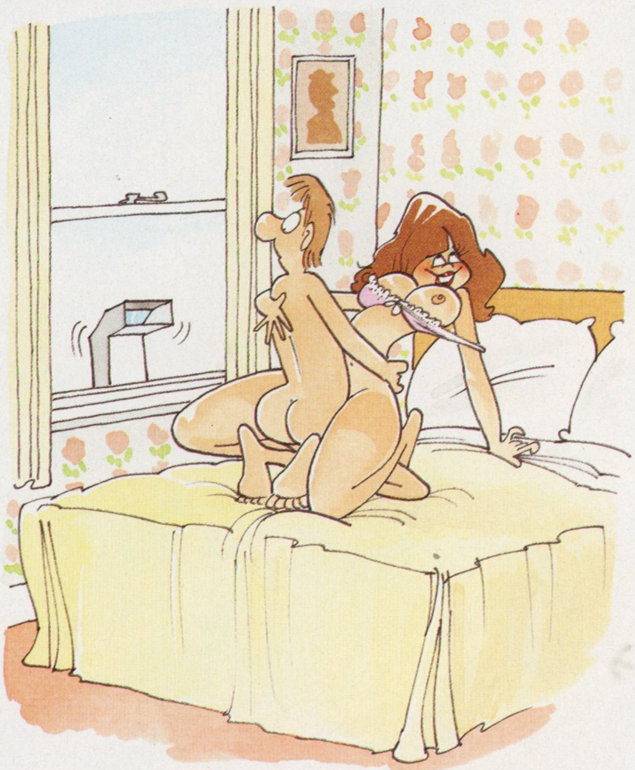
We can't keep meeting like this, Emma

WIFE HOPPING

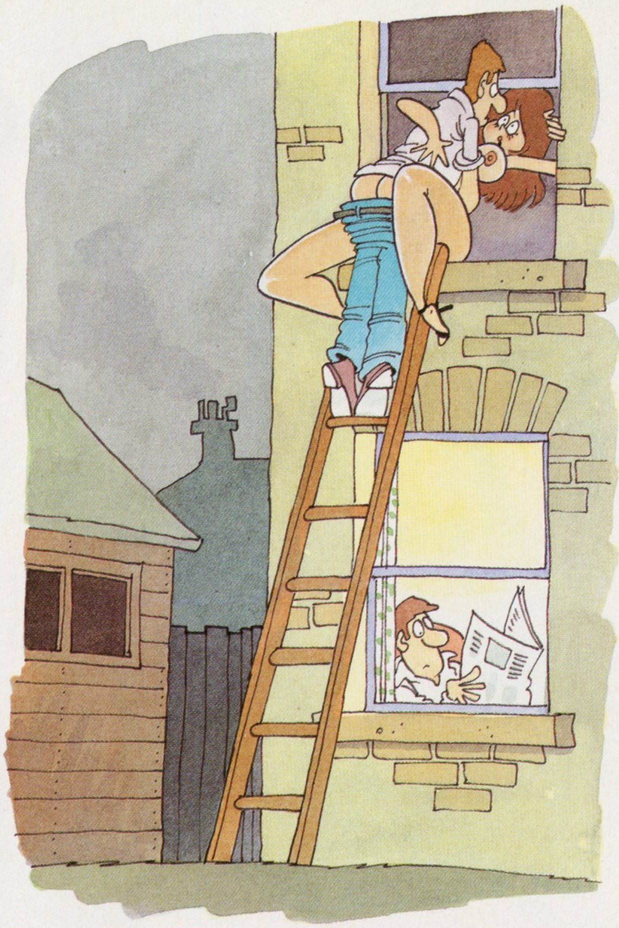
It takes a special kind of cunning, some good excuses and boundless energy to have a little sextra on the side especially, says cartoonist Anthony, when your missus is up to it too!



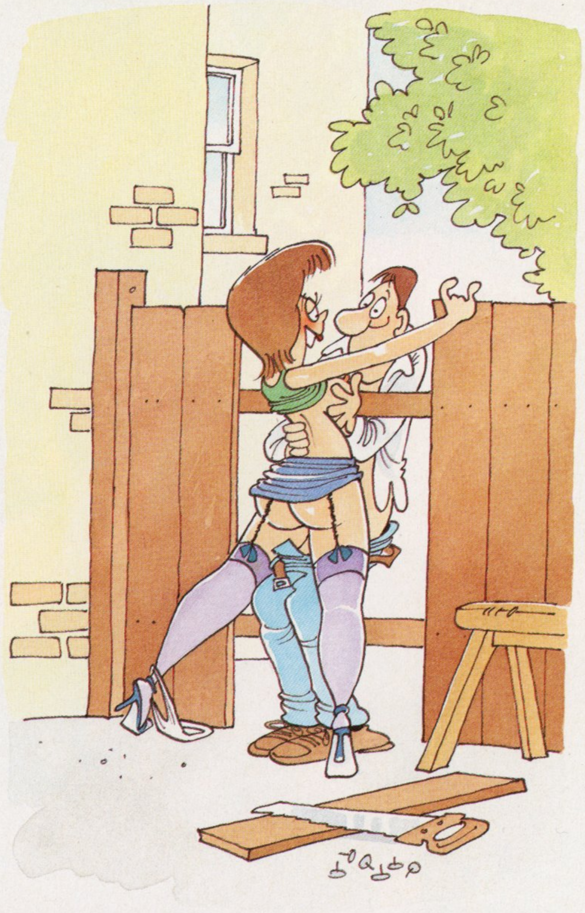
I hope you don't mind doing it doggy style, but I must keep an eye out for my husband



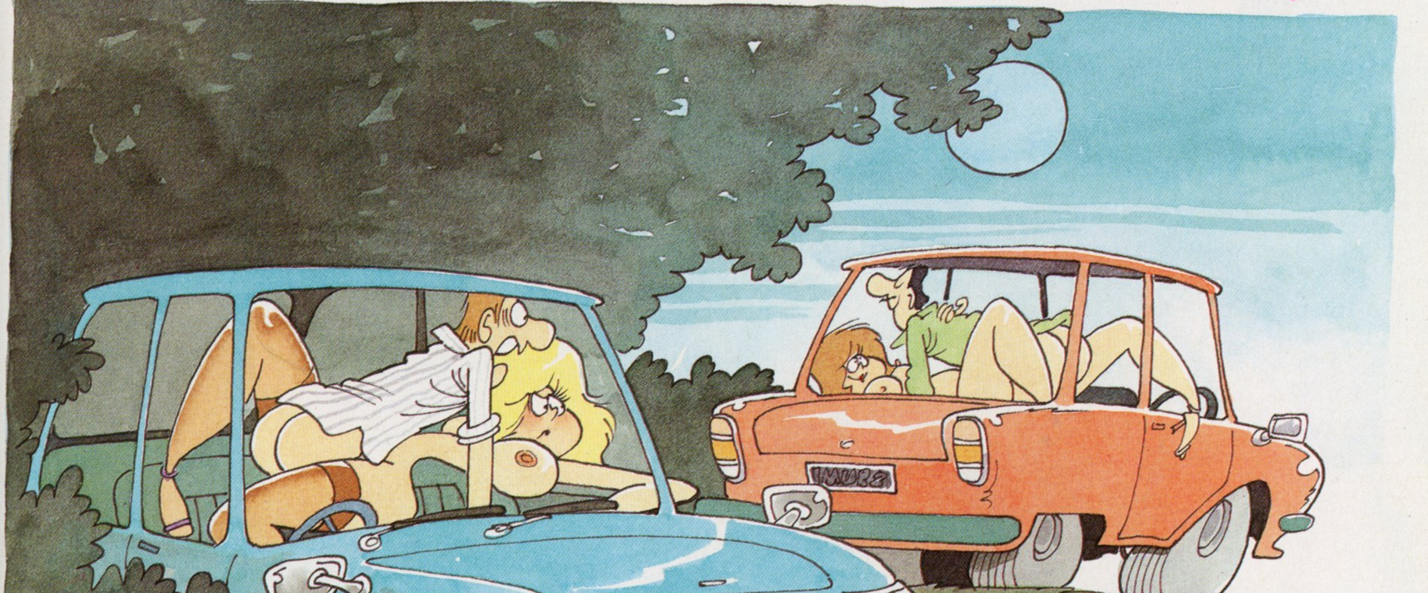
Don't be silly, darling... of course my husband doesn't suspect anything



Sorry about this, but I thought my husband was going out tonight



We haven't got long... my husband's just nipped to the timber yard to get some more fencing



Bloody hell! Isn't that my wife over there with your husband?

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Chance meetings — either with old acquaintances or exciting new lovers — can yield some of the most thrilling sexual encounters for the women who respond to the Quest survey...

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Miss K

Age... 20

Sex... Female

Town of origin... Rhyl

Other details...

This curvaceous blonde looks older than her years, with sexual experience to match. Here she gives details of a chance encounter she had with a stranger in her home town during the tourist season.

Quest: Your sexual experience is very wide for a woman of your age; you've admitted that yourself.

Miss K: Yes — ever since I first discovered sex when I was 17 I've loved it. I love the feeling of power that I get when I know a guy fancies me, that he's desperate to feel my soft pussy walls hugging his cock, sucking it inside me as I move up and down astride him. With the way I look I've never had much problem getting off with guys. they really love the way my blonde hair half covers my face, falling in front of my eyes and making me look sort of vulnerable; and the way I look like a real woman, with my 36-23-36 figure. All those catwalk models might be fashionably skinny, but when it comes to sex, most of the men I've met are only to keen to settle on a real women to keep them happy.

When I was young I always hated living in Rhyl. I always saw it as a horrible town full of old people which was even quieter in winter. But as I grew older and became sexually aware I discovered to my delight that in the summer, Rhyl was exactly the sort of place I wanted to be. Because then it filled up with hunky young tourists who were all eager to sample the delights of a horny little Welsh girl who obviously loved sex, and sucking above anything else.

I could tell you a whole lot of stories about my sexual experiences, but I've decided on this one because it's the one that excites me the most, and because it best illustrates the theme that you've asked me for. Even though it happened over two years ago, whenever I think of it, I still get wet between my legs and have to reach down and stroke my clitoris. I love feeling the juices well up inside me as I stroke faster and faster, pressing the heel of my hand onto my little button and loving the sensations that pulse through me as I exerted as much pressure as I could stand. I love masturbating myself, pleasuring my own body, but there's nothing to beat a good fucking.

This particular event happened when I was working at a summer job selling ice creams on the front close to the beach. It actually paid quite well for that kind of thing, and as I stood in the kiosk I was able to get the best possible view of all the guys showing off on the beach in their skimpy swimming trunks and shorts. The sight of all those bulges feet away from my hot glances made me hornier than hell, and when I wasn't busy (which wasn't often), I'd hide at the back of the kiosk and wank myself stupid, coming back out front with a smile on my face thinking of what all my customers would say if they knew what I'd been up to.

Another advantage of the kiosk was that I had to wear a tight, white overall, which I'd taken in and shortened so I was showing off all my long legs and the valley of my cleavage. I had a great tan so I knew I was looking my sexy, horny, best.

When I served John I knew that he'd be back for more later — and I wasn't thinking that he wanted another ice cream! He was tall and well muscled, with a thick thatch of chest hair, just the way I like my men, and the bulge at the front of his trunks had me wet in seconds. I could almost see his long, thick cock curled up inside those trunks, as if waiting to fill me up till I was begging for mercy. I spent that afternoon fantasizing about fucking John (although I didn't even know his name at that stage) up against a wall on the

beach, feeling the sea breeze ruffling my pubes as John thrust into me again and again, making me shout out loud as we neared our climaxes together.

When he came back and started chatting me up, I realised that here was the perfect opportunity to turn that fantasy into reality. It took only a little persuading to get him to take me out that night — his only premise was that he wanted to pick me up straight from work, "so that you'll still be wearing that sexy white outfit". Good job I'd put on my best pair of white high heels that morning, so he'd be able to ogle at my shapely legs as I walked in front of him.

I could feel his eyes mentally undressing me as we went for a meal. I can't remember what we ate, but the whole evening was filled with such strong sexual vibes that I knew we were going to end up fucking each other before long. All this from a guy who bought an ice cream from me that afternoon!

When I led John down onto the beach, I knew I was going to fuck him. We were soon snogging in earnest against one of the breakwaters down by the shore. It was late in the evening and because we were hidden by the wall I could have been stark naked and no one would have noticed. Suddenly, John's fingers inched up my legs and pushed my skirt up higher so that he could fondle my thighs, and that's exactly what I wanted — to be completely naked.

Pulling away from John slightly, I looked him right in the eyes, so that he could see how aroused I was from the way my pupils were enlarged. I started slowly unbuttoning the white tunic, licking my lips suggestively and running my fingers over the inches of bare flesh that I was gradually uncovering. I pulled the whole of my top down so that my skimpy bra was clearly visible. John was almost drooling as he spotted my nipples poking through the thin pink cotton. I pulled his head forward and let him suck on one of my nipples, first through the material of my bra and then after I'd pulled it out and held it up towards him.

When I felt his tongue on my hot, bare flesh, his teeth closing around my nipple, I came in my panties. The delicious feeling snaked up all the way to my boobs and caused a hot flush on my chest, making me pant and moan out loud.

By now it was completely dark on the beach. I was sure no one could see us, so I stripped off my tunic and stood in front of John on the sand, reaching down into my skimpy, soaking panties and fondling myself openly. John's eyes feasted on the sight of me masturbating, and as he pulled his trousers and underpants off so that I could see his engorged cock sticking right up towards his navel, he started pulling at his shaft, wanking himself in time with the stroke of my fingers.

By then I knew that I had to have his cock inside me. I was almost going mad thinking of that fat shaft scything up and down inside me. Pushing John up against the wall and spreading his thighs apart slightly so that he would have the best grip possible, I manoeuvred myself so he could slowly, wonderfully, push his cock up into me.

As soon as he started thrusting in earnest and I felt his balls gently slapping against my buttocks and cunny lips, I started orgasming really hard — it almost took my breath away. John's knees were trembling, and as he dug his feet into the sand so that he could penetrate me to the hilt, I wrapped one leg around his hips and started thrusting back at him, riding his cock for all I was worth. Standing up our sex just seemed all the more erotic and dirty, and I must admit that I was fantasizing like mad as his thrusting got harder, imagining all the guys I'd fucked before and all the ones I'd wanted to sleep with too. I felt wicked doing that while John was actually inside me, but it just made the whole situation even more erotic.

> **"When I felt his tongue on my hot, bare flesh, his teeth closing around my nipple, I came in my panties....."**

When he finally came he unloaded so much come in me that it ran out from between my thighs and dribbling down my legs. I reached down, scooped up a couple of fingers' full and rubbed it into my naked boobs, coming again as I watched the look on John's face spread. It was only because he'd just unloaded his balls that he didn't fuck me again, then and there.

What an encounter! I've never had as good as that before, or since. It was so spontaneous --- from the moment I set eyes on John I knew I wanted him, and it just happened.

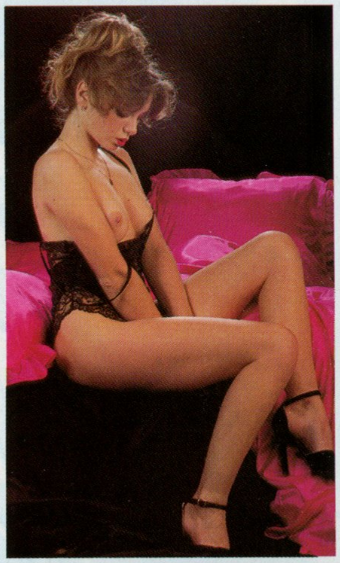
There are a lot more stories like that, and I just wish I had time to tell *Mayfair* all about them! I know it's turned me on talking about it, I just hope it's turned the readers on too.

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Ms C
Age... 27
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Gillingham
Other details... This redheaded divorcee was visiting London on a shopping expedition when she, quite by chance, bumped into one of her neighbours, a man for whom she'd nurtured a secret attraction for months.



Quest: The man you're going to tell us about — where does he live in relation to you?

Ms C: He and his wife live in the next street to me. I used to see him in the local shops and pub all the time. I didn't know what he did for a job, but I thought he worked for himself as he used to be around at odd hours of the day, like mid-afternoon and so on. I work in a boutique quite close to my home, and I'm there most days, though I do often have to go up to London on buying trips.

Quest: You'd felt the attraction between you quite strongly, hadn't you?

Ms C: Yes, every time we bump into each other I'd feel those vibes. My nipples would slowly go erect as our gazes held, and I'd feel all hot and moist in my pussy. Our glances would hold for far too long — more than was seemly for a married guy! — and a couple of times we'd even got so far as buying each other drinks at the local, not talking much but just looking at each other, judging the body language and sussing out the lie of the land.

I didn't exactly go out of my way to bump into him, but I was always preening myself if he appeared, loving the way his eyes would linger on my shapely calves encased in the silky stockings I always wore. But I never thought that it would actually come to anything — after all, he was married, and married men are not usually my scene.

But one day last year I had to travel up to London. The day was to be a mixture of business and pleasure, as I was to look at a new consignment of clothes for the boutique in the morning, then go shopping for myself in the afternoon. I was just having lunch in one of those nice wine bars quite close to Covent Garden, when who should walk in but Gerry!

He was obviously in town on business too, as he was dressed in a crisp, white shirt and dark suit. The white of the shirt made his skin look even more tanned than usual, and I could see the way his muscles rippled under the well-cut material. He was having lunch with a business contact, though whether he got anything done I doubt — he spent the whole time with his eyes locked with mine across the room!

I knew that this time there was no way I was going to let him escape. After all, here we both were miles from home, miles away from his wife, and my pussy was more juiced up than I could remember it ever being before. I wriggled in my seat, hoping that my juices wouldn't leak through my knickers and stain my skirt, completely giving away the excited state of my arousal. But I knew there was no way that other people could miss the way my nipples had immediately sprung up and were sticking through my silky, close-fitting blouse. My hands were aching to reach up and touch them, stroke the peaks through the sensuous material, feel the lace of my bra rubbing against them, driving me into a frenzy. I almost moaned out loud as I ordered another drink, clenching and then releasing my thigh muscles so that I could feel that delicious tension between my legs. God, I really needed an orgasm!

I knew what was going to happen — it was almost inevitable. All I had to do was sit there until Gerry had finished his lunch appointment, and I knew he would come over. And he did.

When he approached me and started making small-talk as he bought me yet more cocktails, I hardly noticed what he was saying; all I could concentrate on was the way his hands were gradually working their way smoothly over my stocking-clad knees, stroking the sheer nylon into my flesh with rhythmic movements. I was trembling as I sat on the bar stool opposite him, my blouse unbuttoned as far as I could get it whilst staying decent at the same time, my legs just parted enough for him to be able to get the faintest whiff of the pussy juices that he

was stirring up inside me.

He leaned across to me, his hands lightly touching my shoulders, his fingers splayed down towards my nipples. "Let's go to my hotel," he said simply.

Although it was the middle of the afternoon I didn't think twice, and five minutes later we'd arrived there by cab, and Gerry had guided me through the reception area without batting an eyelid. In the lift we just faced each other, my hands involuntarily smoothing my clothes against my body so that Gerry could see the outline of every curve and just how aroused I was. It was even more erotic that we didn't touch each other at all in the lift, just faced each other and drank in the state of arousal which was more than obvious. The inside of the lift was mirrored, so that I could see myself all around, looking turned on, waiting for sex.

Although we hadn't touched each other then, that changed as soon as we got through the door of Gerry's hotel room. Immediately he locked the door I was feeling for the zip on the front of his trousers, knowing that underneath his cock was waiting, stiff and engorged, for the attentions of my fingers. I couldn't wait to hold it in my hand and test its thickness.

Gerry didn't disappoint me either, and I was so turned on when I grasped it that I sank to my knees, pushing his back up against the door, and cradled his balls in my palms while I sucked him, slowly at first but then increasing the speed of my tongue's movements, occasionally lapping at his hairy balls and tasting the saltiness of his pre-come. His pubic hair smelt wonderfully tangy too; it drove me crazy, and I reached down between my legs and pushed the soaking gusset of my knickers aside so that I could finger myself.

"I don't want to come in your mouth this time," Gerry breathed. "I want to shoot my load into your lovely, tight pussy."

What choice did I have?! The thought of being filled by that thick, hot shaft was making me pant with desperation. I knew I was going to really lose control.

Gerry lifted me and carried me over to the king-size bed, and I shrugged myself out of my clothes as best I could, my haste and urgency making me rather clumsy. When I was naked I basked on the bed in front of him as he slowly undressed, his smooth, tanned chest sheened with a fine film of perspiration as he fought to control his arousal. His cock looked enormous, purple and swollen at the end and pointing to the ceiling.

"I want it in my pussy!" I demanded, grasping Gerry's hand firmly and pulling him down on top of me. "Fuck me!"

" I finally felt Gerry's cock slide inside me, almost in slow motion, I groaned out loud as it filled me inch by delicious inch..."

When I finally felt Gerry's cock slide inside me, almost in slow motion, I groaned out loud as it filled me inch by delicious inch, and wrapped my legs firmly around Gerry's waist, feeling his muscles flexing all over his body as he strove to contain himself for as long as possible, holding back his spunk as he pumped inside me. His powerful strokes making me arch off the bed as I started to feel an orgasm building up inside me.

I went over the edge, coming every couple of minutes, when Gerry reached down and started to stroke and flick my clitty, never once breaking his fucking rhythm as he did so, his experienced fingers stroking me to a climax again and again. "Come inside me," I begged him, dying to feel him unloading his hot come. "I want you to come inside me!"

No man can ever resist when a woman says that to him, and Gerry tensed then relaxed as he came in three or four thick spurts. I swear I could feel his come like hot knives slicing into me, and I loved the feeling, writhing on my back and urging him on to the last drop with the dirty talk that had turned him on to the point of no return.

When he'd finished coming he went down on me almost straight away, and the strokes of his tongue were almost as delicious as his cock. I ground myself onto his face as he ate me out, our juices mingled. I can't think of a time when I let myself go as fully and completely as I did then.

We spent the rest of the afternoon having sex; we did it standing up in the shower, on the floor, and even had a quickie in the lift as we were leaving. That time I left my knickers in Gerry's hand afterwards, as a reminder of the beautiful afternoon we'd shared.

Quest: Did you repeat your experience with Gerry?

Ms C: No, not so far. But if we ever meet by accident again...

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Miss V
Age... 24
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Liverpool
Other details... This tall, willowy brunette works as a nurse at a well-known hospital. Her chance encounter began when she ran into an old flame while in a city nightclub, whom she had not seen for several years...

Quest: You've had quite a number of boyfriends, haven't you?
Miss V: Yes, my life's just worked out that way, I suppose. I consider myself to be quite attractive, but I think my self-confidence gives me the edge when it comes to men. I love chatting them up, and love dressing in a way which I know attracts the opposite sex.

Apart from my nurse's outfit — which drives the guys wild! — I love to show off my long legs and silky long hair by wearing tight Lycra clothes, like leggings or cycling shorts, and little cropped tops that leave nothing to the imagination. My favourite ones are semi-see through and just skim the tips of my firm, high boobs with their huge nipples. My nipples are extremely sensitive and I love the feeling of a guy gently grazing them with his tongue and the edges of his teeth, then really sucking hard on them until I am coming and coming, begging for a thick, juicy prick between my legs, stretching the walls of my pussy to their limits.

As I said, I've never had much of a problem getting off with men, and I like to think I've honed my sexual technique down to a fine art with all the practice I've had sucking cocks and then riding them, milking them of all the delicious come that I love to have shooting up into my pussy. Certainly, I've never had any complaints, and it's always been me that's ended relationships, rather than the guys I've been dating. I just don't know what it is, but my boredom threshold seems to be pretty low when it comes to sexual matters; once I've had everything a bloke can give me between the sheets, I just feel this urge to move quickly on to the next guy.

Or rather, I did until quite recently...
Quest: What happened to change your sexual behaviour?
Miss V: Well, I was at a nightclub in the centre of town, a place that I go to fairly often with some of my friends from work. Because nursing is such a stressful job we really like to let our hair down when we go out, and that night we were dressed up to the nines, all enjoying a few drinks and showing off on the dancefloor, loving all the attentive glances which were being cast in our direction from all the blokes watching us from the bar. It's rare that we go out and at least one of us doesn't end up going home with a bloke — and I really felt that that night, I might strike it lucky.

I'd been to the bar, fending off a few half-hearted advances and was just making my way back to the dancefloor with a fresh drink when I felt someone's eyes really boring into my back. I was being stared at big-time, and from the way the hairs were standing up on my neck I knew it must be a man. Turning around, I looked to see who it was who was giving me such a thorough once-over.

I nearly jumped out of my shoes when my gaze locked with Tim, a bloke I'd dated for about six months three years ago! I hadn't seen him since we'd spilt, because he'd moved to Sheffield with his job — in fact, that was why we'd broken up. He's about the only guy who I'd ever regretted breaking up with, but at the time I'd been in the middle of nursing exams and him moving away had meant the end of our affair.

No doubt that it was going to start up again now though! He stood there practically undressing me with his hot, hungry gaze, and then we started walking towards each other almost in slow motion. He led me onto the dancefloor as a slow number started, and when we danced it was almost as if we were glued together. My nipples were digging into his chest like the fingernails that I was dying to graze down his back, and I could feel his hard prick pressing against my love mound as our hips rubbed. It was so erotic I thought I was going to have an orgasm on the spot, and I was glad that he was there holding me up.

By the time the next record had started we were leaving the

club, and Tim took me back to his place, telling me on the way that he'd just moved back to town. He'd never expected to bump into me, though he said he'd often remembered and fantasized about the marathon sex sessions we used to have together, lying in bed all night and most of the next day at weekends, stroking and kissing and sucking and bringing each other to mutual climax after mutual climax.

I confessed to him that I'd frequently masturbated myself thinking about the same thing. "I hope you're not going to make me wait long tonight," I told him. "My pussy is so wet and hot — it's aching."

He started whispering to me then about how much he wanted to fuck me, how no one had ever matched up to me in bed, and how hard his prick was just thinking about diving into bed with me. And when we finally got through his bedroom door, I wasn't disappointed. He was even better hung than I'd remembered!

Immediately he'd stripped off my clothes he went down on me, worshipping my pussy with his tongue and using his fingers to heighten my pleasure, gently rubbing and manipulating my clitoris with the tip of his tongue. I gripped his hair and pulled quite hard as I groaned to a climax, reaching up with one hand to rub my nipples with its palm. Sparks were shooting through my body and my pussy was so well lubricated that Tim's tongue was slipping easily in and out. But I needed to feel totally filled with cock, so I crouched on all fours on the bed and raised my bum towards him, reaching back and parting my love lips with my fingers, giving him a good view inside my sticky, pink pussy.

"I raised my bum towards him, reaching back and parting my love lips, giving him a good view of my sticky, pink pussy"

"Come on, this is where I want it!" I told him, massaging my wet slit with my thumb. And the sight of Tim clambering up onto the bed, holding his cock in one hand and massaging the shaft, making the purple helmet stand right out, just made me juice up even more.

I kneeled up so that I was in the perfect position to take his cock into me doggy-style, the thick tool inching up into me as I scrunched my pussy muscles around it, dragging it as far up into me as I could. It felt delicious, and as Tim reached around in front of me to play with my nipples he pushed upwards and his balls bumped against my bum cheeks increasingly quickly as his rhythm drove on.

He started kissing and nibbling at my neck (one of my favourite erogenous zones) as his fucking became more urgent, and I reached down and played with my clitoris to keep my climaxes coming as he began to build up towards his own. I really wanted to come at the same time he did and make the experience all the more satisfying.

When he finally did come, he gave a huge groan and pulled his prick almost all the way out of my pussy, so that globules of come sprayed all over my bum and thighs. His head flopped onto my shoulder as I had my biggest orgasm yet, clenching my pussy muscles frantically as I savoured every last second of my climactic contractions.

That wasn't quite the end of it, as almost right away I just had to turn around and work Tim's still semi-hard cock back to full erection with my mouth, tasting the mixture of both our juices as I sucked him — fast, slow, fast, slow — and loving the way I could arouse him straight off even though he'd just shot his load. It wasn't long before he was coming again, in my mouth this time; obviously he didn't come as much but it was still a good climax for him, and then I gave him a final treat of masturbating myself in front of him, making myself come three times before collapsing exhausted on the bed.

After sex like that, Tim and I just had to get back together again, and we've been happily screwing each other's brains out ever since. I still count myself lucky that I just happened to be out on the town that night — Tim hates nightclubs and was only dragged there by a mate!

Quest: Thank you.